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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, April 30

KRAFT MUSIC HALL—WITH PETER COOK AND DUDLEY MOORE FROM LONDON (NBC, 9-10 p.m.).² Featuring two of the *Beyond the Fringe* zanies and their guests, Anne Bancroft and Mel Tormé, in the first of two specials produced in England.

THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION: THE FIRST 100 DAYS (NET, 9-10 p.m.). Exam time for the new Administration on its activities, policies and general deportment under the scrutiny of journalists and specialists in Government affairs.

Thursday, May 1

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8-9-30 p.m.). Jack Richardson's prize-winning play, *The Prodigious*, puts the Orestes legend into contemporary terms, with the disaffected hero at odds with the politics and wars of his elders. With Peter Galman, John Heffernan and Kim Hunter.

JACK PAAR IN AFRICA (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Home movies (photographed mostly by Jack and his daughter Randy with 16-mm., hand-held cameras) record the Paar family's six-week visit to Uganda and Kenya, including a call on the Pygmies and a look at fierce Masai tribesmen at work as cowboys, outfitted in the traditional red blankets and not so traditional bowler hats.

Friday, May 2

HALLMARK HALL OF FAME (NBC, 8:30-10 p.m.). First rebroadcast since 1961 of *Victoria Regina*, with Julie Harris as Queen Victoria and James Donald as Prince Albert. Events in the Queen's life from 1837 through her Diamond Jubilee in 1897 are dramatized with aid from Pamela Brown, Basil Rathbone and Inga Swenson.

FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). There is a heavy load of sentimentality in *Gigot* (1962), but Jackie Gleason's moving performance as the mute hero verges on genius.

Saturday, May 3

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (NBC, 2 p.m. to conclusion). Philadelphia Phillies v. St. Louis Cardinals at St. Louis.

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Trenton "200" Automobile Race and the Gold Skate Roller Skating Classic from Madison Square Garden.

THE KENTUCKY DERBY (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). Wit and expert knowledge will be provided by Heywood Hale Broun and Eddie Arcaro; Jack Whitaker will serve as host; Chic Anderson will call the race at the 95th running of the opener of the triple-crown events. From Louisville.

Sunday, May 4

CAMERA THREE (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.). Los Indios Tabajaras present a wide variety of romantic guitar music, some transcribed from classical piano and violin scores.

NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE (CBS, 2-4:30 p.m.). Stanley Cup playoff.

H. ANDREW WILLIAMS' MAGIC LANTERN SHOW COMPANY (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Music is the main music, since Andy's guests are Aretha Franklin, Roger Miller, Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66.

² All times E.D.T.

Monday, May 5

THE BEST ON RECORD—THE GRAMMY AWARDS SHOW (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). The announcement of Record of the Year will be made after competing Grammy winners—The Beatles (*Hey Jude*), Jeannie C. Riley (*Harper Valley P.T.A.*), Glen Campbell (*Wichita Lineman*), José Feliciano (*Light My Fire*), Mason Williams (*Classical Gas*), Simon and Garfunkel (*Mrs. Robinson*), Bobby Goldsboro (*Honey*) and the Los Angeles cast of *Hair* (*Let the Sunshine In* and *Aquarius*)—have done their stuff. A star-studded crowd of "presenters" will also be on hand.

Tuesday, May 6

NET FESTIVAL (NET, 9-10 p.m.). A young violin virtuoso and Harvard undergraduate is the subject of "The World of James Buswell," in which he chats with friends and mentors and performs *Bach* and *Stravinsky*.

THE LENNON SISTERS SHOW (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Previewing their fall series with Jimmy Durante, the sisters' other guests include Bobby Goldsboro and Hines, Hines and Dad.

THEATER

On Broadway

1776. There is a degradation of intellect, taste and dignity about this musical, which presents history as painted by a sidewalk sketch artist. The Peter Stone book depends on the audience to expect the expectable and to bring along its own worn coloring crayons to the roles.

PLAY IT AGAIN. SAM features Woody Allen playing Woody Allen, the completist neurotic, with his nimble jokes and woefully unconfident presence.

FORTY CARATS. Julie Harris plays a middle-aged divorcee who is bedded by a lad of 22, while her teen-age daughter runs off with a wealthy widower of 45. Directed with crisp agility by Abe Burrows, the show is never less than civilized fun.

HADRIAN VII is a deft dramatization by Peter Luke of fantasy and fact in the life of Frederick William Rolfe, an unsuccessful candidate for priesthood who dreamed of becoming Pope. Alec McCowen gives a commanding performance as Rolfe.

Off Broadway

ADAPTATION—NEXT. Two one-acters, both directed by Elaine May. Miss May's own play, *Adaptation*, is the game of life staged as a TV contest. Terrence McNally's *Next* features James Coco in a splendid performance as an overaged potential draftee.

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK is a warm, loving tribute to the late playwright Lorraine Hansberry, put together from her own writings and presented by an able, interracial cast.

DAMES AT SEA, with a minisurge and a cast of only six, is a delightful spoof of the musical movies of the 1930s, with all their intricate dance routines and big, glittering production numbers.

CINEMA

THE LOVES OF ISADORA. Vanessa Redgrave performs magnificently as Isadora Duncan, that quintessential free spirit of the early 20th century. Director Karel Reisz starts at the end of Isadora's life and works back-

wards and sideways to achieve dramatic contrast, but the script lacks a unifying point of view.

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS. Philip Roth's stinging, perceptive 1959 novella has been turned into a slick little film about the glories and tribulations of young love. Director Larry Peerce is often self-indulgent, but he has extracted two attractive performances from Richard Benjamin and a stunning newcomer named Ali MacGraw.

STOLEN KISSES. François Truffaut's newest film is a lyrical souvenir of adolescence that fairly bursts with its director's exuberance, his warm sense of humor and his subtle, never condescending portrait of the excesses and errors of youth.

THE NIGHT OF THE FOLLOWING DAY. Director Hubert Cornfield transforms a rather routine kidnapping story into a surreal seminar on the poetics of violence. Trimmer than he has been in years, Marlon Brando is also back in top acting form as a hipster-criminal.

THE ASSASSINATION BUREAU. Looking for something to take the family to on a rainy Saturday afternoon? This is it. The kids will love all the improbable derring-do, and parents may find themselves getting an occasional laugh out of all the frantic but genial proceedings.

I AM CURIOUS (YELLOW). If it were not for the sex scenes, this film probably would never have been imported. The rather conventional story of a confused adolescent girl in Sweden is interminable and unenlightened; like the much publicized sex scenes themselves, it is finally and fatally pointless.

THE FIXER. John Frankenheimer has directed this adaptation of Bernard Malamud's somewhat flawed novel with care and dedication. Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holm are all transcendent in their roles.

THE STALKING MOON. Stalwart Gregory Peck battles a crazed redskin bent on bloody revenge in this rather self-conscious western thriller that manages a few surprises on its way to a predictable denouement.

SWEET CHARITY. Shirley MacLaine is sometimes cute, sometimes arch in this overblown musical about a dance-hall hostess searching for love. A lot of money and a lot of energy have been expended on this superproduction, and most of both has gone to waste.

RED BEARD is an Oriental *Pilgrim's Progress* in which Japan's Akira Kurosawa explores the psychology of an ambitious young doctor so deftly that one man's frailties and strengths add up to a picture of humanity itself.

THE SHAME. Ingmar Bergman tells a painful parable of the horrors of war and the moral responsibility of the artist. This is his 29th film and one of his best, with resonant performances by Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow and Gunnar Björnstrand.

BOOKS

Best Reading

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A LIFE STORY, by Carlos Baker. The long awaited official biography offers the first complete and cohesive account of a gifted, troubled, flamboyant figure who has too often been recollected in fragmentary and partisan memoirs.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE, by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. Through flashbacks to the fire-bombing of Dresden in World War II, this ag-

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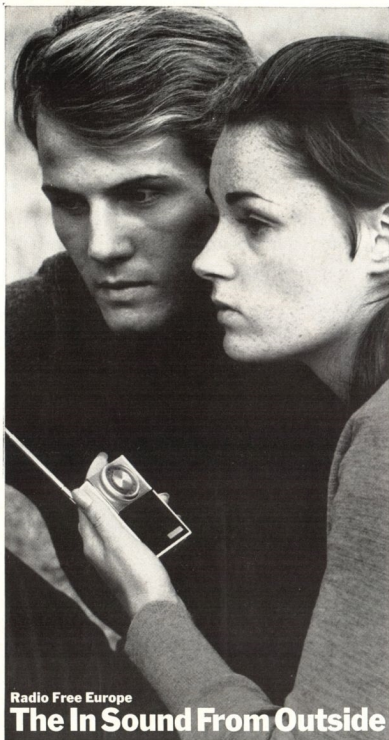


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onizing, outrageous, funny and profoundly rueful fable tries to say something about the timeless nature of human cruelty and self-protective indifference.

URGENT COPY, by Anthony Burgess. In a collection of brilliant short pieces about a long list of literary figures (from Dickens to Dylan Thomas), the author brings many a critical chicken home to roost.

REFLECTIONS UPON A SINKING SHIP, by Gore Vidal. A collection of perceptively sardonic essays about the Kennedys, Tarran, Susan Sontag, pornography, the most recent Republican presidential convention, and other aspects of what Vidal sees as the declining West.

EDWARD LEAR, THE LIFE OF A WANDERER, by Vivien Noakes. In this excellent biography, the Victorian painter, poet, fantasist and author of *A Book of Nonsense* is seen as a kindly, gifted man who courageously tried to stay cheerful despite an astonishing array of diseases.

THE MILITARY PHILOSOPHERS, by Anthony Powell. The ninth volume in his serial novel, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, expertly conveys Powell's innumerable characters through the intrigue, futility, boredom and courage of World War II.

TORRECRECA, by Ann Cornelisen. Full of an orphan's love for her adopted town, the author has turned a documentary of human adversity in southern Italy into the unflinching autobiography of a divided heart.

THE MARX BROTHERS AT THE MOVIES, by Paul D. Zimmerman and Burt Goldblatt. Next to a reel of their films, this excellent book offers the best possible way to meet (or revisit) the Marx Brothers in the happy time when they had all their energy and all their laughs.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD, by Thomas Wiseman. Wheman's novel about the friendship between a half-Jew and a Nazi, before and during World War II in Vienna, is a brilliant psychological study of how two very different men can become so fatally entwined that each determines the course of the other's life.

THE GODFATHER, by Mario Puzo. For the Mafia, as for other upwardly mobile Americans, the name of the game is respectability and status—after the money and power have been secured. An excellent novel.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Portnoy's Complaint, Roth (1 last week)
2. The Godfather, Puzo (2)
3. The Salzburg Connection, MacInnes (3)
4. Sunday the Rabbi Stayed Home, Kemelman (4)
5. Slaughterhouse-Five, Vonnegut
6. A Small Town in Germany, le Carré
7. Airport, Hailey (5)
8. The Lost Queen, Lofis (8)
9. Force 10 from Navarone, MacLean
10. Except for Me and Thee, West (9)

NONFICTION

1. The 900 Days, Salisbury (1)
2. Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women, Craig (2)
3. Jennie, Martin (7)
4. The Money Game, 'Adam Smith' (3)
5. The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson, Goldman (4)
6. The Trouble with Lawyers, Bloom (5)
7. The Arms of Krupp, Manchester (6)
8. Instant Replay, Kramer (9)
9. The Joys of Yiddish, Rosten
10. The Valachi Papers, Maas (8)

LETTERS

The Proverbial Woman

Sir: Your article on Ethel Kennedy [April 25] is a great tribute to a woman of exceeding fortitude. The only greater tribute to this virtuous woman is found in *Proverbs* 31: 10-31:

*A perfect wife—who can find her?
She is far beyond the price of pearls.
Her husband's heart has confidence in her,
from her he will derive no little profit.
Advantage and not hurt she brings him
all the days of her life . . .
She is clothed in strength and dignity,
she can laugh at the days to come.
When she opens her mouth, she does
so wisely;
on her tongue is kindly instruction.
She keeps good watch on the conduct
of her household,
no fear of idleness for her.
Her sons stand up and proclaim her
blessed,
her husband, too, sings her praises:
"Many women have done admirable
things,
but you surpass them all!"
Charm is deceitful, and beauty empty;
the woman who is wise is the one to
praise.
Give her a share in what her hands
have worked for,
and let her works tell her praises at
the city gates.*

It's a truism that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. If American women emulate their ideal, then Robert Kennedy's dream of a Newer World would not be far in the offing.

(THE REV.) GEORGE B. DYER, O.P.
St. Pius Priory
Chicago

Strike at the Factory

Sir: Harvard cover story [April 18] is superb!

As a Harvard College alumnus (A.B., 1939), I think your "faceless factory" analysis is apt. It is the Harvard Corporation that must go! Harvard and similar institutions should be run by scholars and scientists (faculty), some students, outside laymen.

EDWARD S. BARCOX JR.
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Sir: When Harvard, or any university, sends in storm troopers to bust the heads of innocent children seeking to discover the relationship of their university to the world, I can only conclude that the university is trying to hide evidence of various actions, various bad actions, such as expansion into surrounding urban areas, or research for the War Department (somehow the old name seems more appropriate), or connections with the CIA. Such actions are wrong; they are tantamount to murder. And just as any self-respecting citizen would act to prevent a murder, we students must act to prevent the university from committing murder in a more discreet, more scholarly fashion. If this involves shutting down the university, so be it.

JUAN JEWELL, '72
University of Chicago
Chicago

Sir: In response to such clear violations of the law, as witnessed at Harvard, "the faculty resolved, 395 to 13, that all criminal charges against the Harvard intruders

be dropped." When "the faculty" stops confusing intellectual freedom with revolutionary, totalitarian tactics, when "the faculty" stops confusing idealism with vandalism and votes, 395 to 13, to press charges and prosecute violators, when those in authority finally realize that what the radicals are really crying for is a good old-fashioned American spanking—a spanking they so richly merit and deserve and have for so long been denied—then, and maybe only then, will our universities once again become peaceful and manageable institutions of higher learning. The next time you see a student radical, look deeper—you have nothing to fear but a poor lost child begging for discipline.

CHARLES J. MYSAK, '72
George Washington University
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Your two recent cover stories—"The Military Under Attack" [April 11] and "Rage and Reform on Campus" [April 18] point up the high-pitched military fever that rages in some of our nation's blood. The back-to-back publication of these reports throws some curious and unexpected light on the nature of this sickness.

Though the militant wing of Harvard's S.D.S. deplores the growing cancer of militarism in this country, they themselves seem ironically to have been touched by the disease. In last week's storming of the university's administration building, these angry students have cried havoc and let slip domestic dogs of war. Those clenched fists and distorted faces speak out louder about the underlying illness of present-day society than I think these fire-breathing radicals intended. In their fighting fire with fire, they have merely poured new fuel on the blaze.

If the pen has abdicated power to the sword in the sacred precincts of the campus, where then can free voices be heard above the clash of battle?

LAWRENCE LIPSON
Harvard, '65
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Wager on the Black

Sir: TIME chastises the Nixon Administration [April 18] because the Negro problem is third down the list, with Viet Nam and inflation occupying first and second! Isn't it true, that even at third place it occupies a very high place when one considers the many ills before us that when solved, will go a long way toward even solving the Negro problem—if

there is one. And last but not least, if we don't solve Viet Nam and inflation, the Negro along with all his brother citizens won't have to worry anyway. Let's hear it for those who hope that the Government won't do something for them instead of always worrying what they will do; and I'll wager this covers many a black American as well as the others.

WILLIAM C. HELLER
San Francisco

Old-Fashioned Fellows

Sir: TIME does great injustice to the Greek people by calling the villagers "mountain-isolated, fiercely independent, suspicious and resentful" [April 18]. The Greeks are the most friendly and open-hearted people I have ever known in traveling through Europe and elsewhere. They are one of the few genuine allies America has in the world today.

We may not agree with all that the colonels have done in the past, but history and time will tell whether their simplistic approach to government founded on love for God, country and honor was not, in the end, the most realistic and humane of all approaches. It may be that Americans will grow to envy this simplicity and straightforwardness of the colonels. It may be, too, that old-fashioned country morality is what we in the U.S.A. need most today. Rest assured, the Greek is too individualistic to allow any dictatorship to last. But his tradition-oriented philosophy does not allow him to act irrationally, either. His devout faith and his love for exercising in rational debate, his ethnic pride and personal honor, make him the least vulnerable to enslavement—if enslavement it is at the hands of the colonels. I fear more for America's sense of direction than Greece's.

KATHERINE G. VALONE
Chicago

Who Can Say the Same?

Sir: Having had the privilege of working with Dr. Edwards, doing the initial programming design for his "Stakes & Odds" game, I was delighted to read your recent report on his work [April 18].

There are, however, two points I would like to clear up. First, I suspect that Dr. Edwards must have stated more clearly than your article does that he would leave probability (or odds) estimation to men, with computers aggregating the results of those human estimates. Second, I wish to take issue with your inclusion of the common fear-alloying disclaimer, "Whatever rudimentary reason a machine possesses is owed entirely to its creator and cannot exceed it."

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Surely you would not argue that the dirt-moving power of a bulldozer cannot exceed that of its maker. Why, then, cannot the thinking power of a computer exceed that of its programmer? The machine has the advantage of great speed, phenomenal concentration, superb memory and relentless attention to detail. Few men can say the same. Remember that Edison described genius as consisting of 99% perspiration and 1% inspiration. It would appear that computers are further along that road than most humans.

RONALD E. JEFFRIES
Technical Director

Programming Languages Department
Research and Development Division
Com-Share Inc.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Programs Impossible

Sir: The total hypocrisy of the CBS cancellation of the Smothers Brothers' program [April 11] can be seen in its Sunday evening schedule. The Smothers Brothers, regularly proclaiming the message of brotherhood and peace, are censored and canceled. *Mission: Impossible*, which follows and which regularly displays the violence and lack of human feeling we all deplore, is allowed to continue. Either the CBS censors have been watching the wrong program or compassion and humanity are to have no place in the Sunday CBS schedule.

RABBI PHILIP E. SCHECHTER
Congregation Beth Israel
of Atlantic City, N.J.
Margate City, N.J.

Sir: Congratulations to CBS-TV in canceling the *Smothers Brothers Comedy*

Hour. In addition to being offensive to many Americans, this program abounds in tasteless remarks and is definitely not funny. It is refreshing to know that at least one network has the courage to say "No, no," enough is enough!

MRS. E. H. CARNEY

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Following the Muse

Sir: Your vivid story on the art of Kenneth Noland [April 18] reminds me of a visit to the Vermont farm in South Shattsbury now owned by the artist and his wife. I was in search not of Mr. Noland, whose painting was then unfamiliar to me, but of the former home of Robert Frost, which the Noland has renovated and restored. This was The Gully farm, purchased by Frost as a Christmas present to himself in 1928. A barn close to the house had been converted into a studio for Noland.

As the poet said, in writing to Louis Untermeyer in January 1929, the farm looks "away to the north, so that you would know you were in the mountains." The barn as well looks away to the north, from a high point of land, and thus makes a perfect studio.

Interior Secretary Stewart Udall suggested in 1941 that the farm should be made a national shrine honoring Frost—an idea now abandoned in favor of Frost's earlier home in Derry, N.H. But if the South Shattsbury farm is to pass to another owner, could anything be more suitable than that the new owner: should also be a follower of the muses?

DOROTHY L. TYLER

Detroit

Sir: A new department for TIME? It should be headed "Put Ons" and should include such verbal extravaganzas as the recent review of the works of Helen Frankenthaler and the review of the work of Kenneth Noland. If you do not care to change your format, could you at least tell us in which check your reviewer tucks his tongue when he pens his poems?

An educated art critic I am not, but in my years as a householder I have leafed through enough wallpaper sample books to be able to recognize most of the traditional designs at sight.

L. M. LABAR

Bethlehem, Pa.

In All Earnestness

Sir: Re Carlos Baker's biography of Hemingway [April 18]: There is no truth to the story that Hemingway and I ever came to blows. Far from it. Indeed, when I was sure Hemingway was making cracks at me, I decided to control my temper, and with considerable disdain began to spread caviar on dry toast, chatting with my friends Sir Pitt Applecore-Bart, his wife Schlubie of the British Empire five-and-dime, and Prince Eddie Rattone, her best friend. For a moment I felt we had scored, but suddenly, in a rather loud voice, Hemingway disputed my bravery at scary movies, and naturally I saw red, slammed my way to his table, and challenged him to prove it. Unable to do so, he threw a martini olive, but it hit Schlubie in the nose. She screamed and, if I'm not mistaken, he did, too. The ensuing confusion is impossible to recall with accuracy.

WILLIAM SAROYAN

Paris

House For Sale

Last week, a man who lives on this street ran a House For Sale ad. Results so far: four curiosity seekers, two bargain hunters, seven frustrating telephone calls, an exasperated wife, and a ruined weekend.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley



LOUIS HARRIS

WITH this week's issue, TIME begins a new feature and welcomes a new colleague. Louis Harris and Associates, one of the nation's leading political polling organizations, will conduct public opinion surveys and research for TIME and other TIME Inc. publications on an exclusive basis in the magazine field. Under that arrangement, the editors of TIME will regularly ask Harris to explore how Americans feel about the urgent political, social and moral questions of the day. The first poll, which appears this week in *The Nation*, was begun in mid-March. It examines public convictions about military power, past, present and future, and how far the American people are willing to go in the exercise of U.S. strength. The results at times are surprising.

Harris' work has been distinguished by a high degree of accuracy and insight. Having studied public opinion with the Elmo Roper organization and then founded his own firm in 1956, he came to national prominence as chief poll-taker for John Kennedy. Since then, he has made political soundings for nearly 50 U.S. Senators and a score of Governors, taken commercial surveys for many firms, and run polls for TV, magazines and newspapers; his own column, distributed by the Chicago *Tribune-New York Daily News* Syndicate, appears in over 50 papers across the U.S. For any given poll, he can call on a nationwide network of 27 field supervisors and some 3,000 part-time "stringers" who do the actual interviewing. His analysts in Manhattan study the answers amassed in the field, and from the tabulations Lou Harris then writes what he calls an "overlay," a summary and conclusions.

Neither Harris nor TIME's editors believe, of course, that polls provide an infallible guide to public opinion. We do believe that they can be a highly valuable journalistic tool to help re-

port how people live and what they think, which is often, as Harris puts it, "less visible, less easy to define and analyze than such overt breaking news as the shooting down of a U.S. plane or a student uprising at Cornell." His association with TIME, he feels, "merges the best practices of journalism with the new field of polling. It's the most exciting thing I could be involved in."

Last February, TIME's Education Program sent a kit called "Black and White America" to 5,000 high school teachers for use in classroom discussions. The kit contains seven booklets, and it has proved so popular that requests for reprints have come in from all over the U.S. The kits are now available to the general public, at \$3 each, from:

TIME Education Program
Black and White America
Box 870
Radio City Station
New York, N.Y. 10019

The Cover: Acrylic over polyester resin base on wood, by Californian Vincent Perez.

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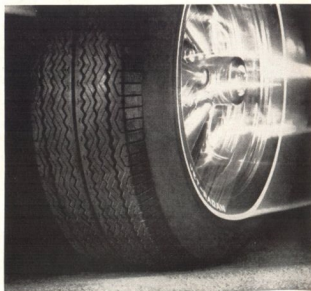


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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

May 2, 1969

Vol. 93, No. 18

THE NATION

TWELVE MONTHS TO DELIVER

Crisis. Urgent. Desperate.

THESE terms dominated the conversation of ten big-city mayors after they met with Richard Nixon last week. The urban condition is all that they say it is, and their conference with the President left them little hope for dramatic new federal action very soon.

Nixon will not be easily budged from the premise that expensive, far-reaching social welfare efforts are futile if the war continues indefinitely or if the economy goes sour. Nor is Congress in the mood for grandiose programs right now. Viet Nam and inflation, together with crime and unrest, remain the President's first orders of business. As he told a G.O.P. women's conference: "I ask the women in this audience to hold me and all of my Cabinet colleagues responsible on those three great issues. I will make this promise: next year I will be able to report that we have made real progress toward bringing peace in the world, re-establishing law and order at home, and also in stopping the rise in taxes and inflation. This is our goal. We are not overpromising."

Helping Nonsupporters. This tone of quiet confidence has been a constant in Nixon's makeup lately. His Gallup and Harris readings indicate that he is more popular now than last November, despite the war, despite campus turmoil, despite spurring prices. Even Rex Tugwell, a charter member of the New Deal, conjectured last week that if the election were held today, Nixon would get 10,000,000 more votes than he did in the fall.

Operating from this strength, Nixon has begun, however cautiously, to risk offending some of those who elected him. Negroes are still suspicious, but many Southern whites who voted Republican in November are unhappy about the Administration's school-integration policy. Last week Nixon went against the advice of some senior aides in recommending repeal of the 7% business-investment tax credit as part of his tax package (see BUSINESS). Repeal of the credit is primarily an anti-inflationary measure, but the predominantly Republican business community will pay the bill. The President's other tax proposals—reducing the burden on the poor, halving the surcharge, which weighs most heavily on those of modest means, shrinking loopholes used

mainly by the affluent—also tend to benefit Nixon's nonsupporters more than those who elected him.

Congress, led by House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills, is likely to demand far more extensive tax reforms than those that the Administration is proposing. Whatever the outcome, both parties will doubtless take credit for redressing longstanding inequities. A President dealing with a Congress controlled by the opposition can hardly hope for much more. Last week, how-

gro, everyone is happy to belabor the Mafia. Nixon's \$61 million crime program—which will be followed by messages on narcotics, rights of the accused and obscenity—made good sense and good politics, and has an excellent chance of passage.

The President for the most part has adhered to his strategy of avoiding congressional fights that either promise little chance of victory or encourage Democratic retaliation on other issues. Only his anti-ballistic missile decision has



CONFERENCE WITH MAYORS IN WHITE HOUSE*

Hoarding the resources and focusing on the cardinal problems.

ever, the Administration won a minor but perhaps trend-setting victory when enough Democrats deserted their party leadership to vote with the Republicans on an education assistance measure.

Humphrey's Charge. Nixon's first specific crime-control proposals also have political implications. Law and order became an issue last year primarily because of ubiquitous street violence, whether perpetrated by the lone mugger or the faceless mob. The President's recommendations last week aimed at the well-nigh invisible activities of organized crime (see LAW). Attacks by multi-agency "strike forces" will be expanded. New legal tools are sought to get at both gangsters and their political accomplices. While almost any anti-riot measure can be construed as anti-Ne-

stimulated deep controversy, and on that subject he faced trouble no matter which direction he took. Rather than expend energies and political capital on brawls with Congress, Nixon is hoarding his resources. It does not make for a dynamic posture. It leaves him open to charges such as Hubert Humphrey's last week, that the President has failed "to grasp the urgency of present circumstances." But it does permit the Administration to focus on the problems it considers cardinal, and to plan programs for a post-Viet Nam world.

* From left: Cleveland's Carl Stokes, Chicago's Richard Daley, New York's John Lindsay, Nixon, Urban Affairs' Pat Moynihan, Syracuse's William Walsh, Boston's Kevin White, and Office of Economic Opportunity Director Donald Rumsfeld.

THE WELFARE STATE, REPUBLICAN STYLE

THE job, as Wilbur Cohen pictured it, is a one-way passport to ulcers and oblivion. The new Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, warned the outgoing Secretary, would not only have to maintain a man-killing schedule—twelve hours a day, six days a week—but would also have to put up with endless opprobrium from every conceivable quarter. "Whatever he says or does," said Cohen, "it will impair his political future."

After three months in office, Robert Hutchison Finch wholeheartedly endorses his predecessor's first premise. "This," he admits, "is the hardest job I've ever had." As for jeopardizing his career, Finch is a self-avowed "political animal" with a finely tuned instinct for survival and the magnetism to assure it. At 43, he is the canniest politician in Richard Nixon's Cabinet—and its youngest member. He is also the most liberal, most independent and, at the same time, perhaps the most loyal of the President's top advisers. Though the new Administration has hardly settled in, Finch, who has successively been the President's protégé, confidant and closest adviser over the past 22 years, is already being talked of as his running mate in 1972—or his successor in 1976.

Now, for the President's first term at least, Finch has to master what another former HEW Secretary, Abraham Ribicoff, contemptuously called "that can of worms, that catchall for programs with no place to go." As head of a vastly expanded HEW, Finch not only has one of the three or four most demanding jobs in Washington—after the President's—but also must take the lead in mapping the Nixon Administration's battle plan for the home front. As the President's chief of staff in the most se-

rious domestic crisis since the Civil War, he must work to alleviate poverty, reform the welfare system, improve health services and raise the quality of education—even as he safeguards drugs and medicines, protects the purity of the nation's food, builds hospitals and oversees the social security system.

The Major Accomplishment

If he had time to look back, he might find some irony in his present position. Only a few years ago, the welfare state was anathema to many Americans, who made a religion of self-reliance. Both Finch and his boss inveighed routinely against "creeping socialism." Today U.S. society accepts almost without question most of the machinery that exists to aid the poor, the elderly, the sick, the uneducated—all the fixtures that have come close to making the U.S. a welfare state. Perhaps the most notable accomplishment of the Nixon Administration so far has not been what it has proposed, but its acceptance, almost without murmur, of the Great Society. It may even fall to a Republican Secretary of HEW to initiate the boldest foray yet into the welfare state—the guaranteed annual wage.

That, like many other things in Nixon's Washington, is still in the discussion stage. Three months after the new men took over, there is a paucity of proposals for social reform. Most of the efforts have been directed toward reorganization. Some of the men in the White House, including the President, react defensively to suggestions that more should have been done. What has been done so far, counters Presidential Aide Stephen Hess, is "not very dramatic. But it's what makes Government work. This is very meaningful stuff."

Finch makes no apologies. He could have had almost any other Cabinet post. Why did he choose one of the hardest? "The first reason," he says, "is that people say it can't be done. The second is that with all of our institutions under fire, it is going to be terribly exciting to head an agency that must deal simultaneously with both the attacked and the attackers." He adds: "HEW is where the action is. I like problems—rather, I like trying to solve problems."

He should certainly be at home at HEW, a 16-year-old agency whose principal wards are the castoffs of the affluent society. The agency's problems multiply even faster than its programs. More than any other man, the President excepted, HEW's Secretary directly touches the lives of more than 200 million Americans, rich or poor, black or white, young or old, ailing or well. When it was established, HEW was responsible for fewer than 70 programs; by the end of the New Frontier, it had 130. By the time Nixon took office, it had more than 250, from Medicare to air pollution. Despite the formidable costs rose dramatically during the Johnson Administration. The figures: a 68% increase for health (to \$12.3 billion), 44% for education (to \$3.8 billion), 46% for welfare (to \$4.4 billion). Social security benefits doubled to \$30.8 billion. Today HEW has a budget of \$51 billion, second only to the Pentagon's, and Washington's third biggest civilian payroll (107,000), behind those of the Pentagon and the Post Office.

Finch does not intend to add many new programs soon, but he has already indicated what he and the new Administration are likely to do.

- **WELFARE.** Working closely with members of the Council for Urban Affairs, Finch has recommended to Nixon a restructuring of the archaic welfare system. Very simply, the proposal would guarantee every American a minimum income of \$31 a month (Mississippi pays indigents \$8.50); 17 states now give less. Bonuses would be given for working, so that no one would be penalized, as at present, for earning extra money. At the same time, all poor families would be given more generous allotments of food stamps. Added cost: \$3 billion to \$4.5 billion in the federal welfare bill.

In one stroke, the Government's proposals would both raise the living standards of many poor people, particularly in the South, and reduce the gap between generous and ungenerous states. The disparity, already serious, became crucial last week when the Supreme Court rejected as unconstitutional state residency requirements for welfare. Unless the Federal Government does something—and soon—the more lenient states may attract many more welfare applicants in search of higher benefits, compounding the troubles in the ghetto.



WELFARE CLIENTS DEMONSTRATING IN NEW YORK CITY
Dickensian ignominy in 20th century America.



POVERTY WORKER GIVING INFORMATION



HEAD START PUPILS LEARNING TO READ

Where the problems multiply even faster than the programs.

tos and adding to the cities' already intolerable financial burdens.

While he is temperamentally opposed to the idea of the guaranteed annual wage—his welfare proposal would merely raise the minimum welfare floor—Finch has set aside \$9 million in the new budget, more than double the sum proposed by Johnson, to test various income-supplement schemes. In the meantime, proposed revisions in the welfare system go at least partway toward a guaranteed-income scheme. No one in either party disputes that the welfare system, a cycle of Dickensian ignominy in 20th century America, demands radical solutions. Benefits vary greatly from state to state, city to city, and welfare recipients are frequently subjected to demeaning harassment. Most insane of all, those who could take jobs are often discouraged by rules that require working recipients, in effect, to hand their earnings over to the local welfare agency. Finch is keenly aware of the problem, and the new proposal encourages, rather than discourages, industriousness.

• **EDUCATION.** On the most controversial topic affecting his office, campus disorders, Finch has ignored Nixon's campaign rhetoric. Though the Government can take punitive action, cutting off federal funds from colleges affected by disruption and from student dissenters themselves, Finch argues that the universities should be given the widest possible latitude. Repressive federal action, he says, would endanger academic freedom and harm the vast majority of students who have never even thought of joining the S.D.S. He has campaigned energetically against half a dozen repressive bills pending in Congress. "In all truth," he told a congressional committee, "many academic institutions have brought much of it on themselves. They have not always responded to the clear need of any viable institution for constant self-examination and self-renewal. In attempting to serve many masters

—Government and industry among them—they have tended to serve none of them well."

Many Southerners voted for Richard Nixon primarily because they thought that he would reverse or at least slow down the process of school desegregation. While Finch treated the matter delicately at first, and with galling ambiguity, his commitment to integration was never really in doubt. His position is now clear enough, and Southerners who expected a change are disappointed.

In education, as in many other areas, Finch usually eludes the conservative or liberal label. Sometimes he sounds almost like Paul Goodman, the iconoclastic critic (*Growing Up Absurd*) of higher education. "I want to challenge our educational institutions in a catalytic way," he says. "They are operating essentially the same way they operated 100 years ago. I want to shake them up." One of the most important alterations he made in the Johnson budget was to add \$25 million for experimental education, enough to fund 15 to 20 projects. "The name of the game is learning, not teaching," says Ed Meade, a high-ranking HEW consultant on loan from the Ford Foundation. "Our focus is going to be to find out how kids learn."

For the later school years, Finch favors faster and more comprehensive development of two-year community colleges, principally because they offer alternatives to the traditional four-year academic course. The Government, Finch believes, should work far harder to give its citizens wider choices, in education and every other field. "American education," he told a congressional committee, "has become a single mechanism, its professors and students interchangeable parts. Under these circumstances, even student riots are monotonously, repellently alike."

• **HEALTH.** Finch wants to hold down medical costs by, among other things, making sure that Medicaid payments

are no higher than those for Blue Shield. Indicative of his concern is his choice of Dr. John Knowles, director of Massachusetts General Hospital, to be Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs. A proponent of such cost-saving schemes as group medical practice, Knowles has aroused the heated opposition of the ultraconservative American Medical Association and its Senate ally, Everett Dirksen. The G.O.P. minority leader says that he will block the nomination if it is sent to the Senate. Finch will not back down, and the matter rests on the President's desk. If Nixon stays above the battle, it will suggest to many—rightly or wrongly—that the A.M.A. will have considerable influence over health policy, effectively ruling out any significant innovations.

In other areas concerning health, Finch has a free hand. Last week, as guardian of the nation's food, he appointed a commission to investigate the ecological effects of pesticides; he has meanwhile banned DDT-contaminated fish from interstate commerce. "I am very apprehensive about the situation," Finch declared. "Our present estimates are that each American has an average of twelve parts per million of DDT in the fatty tissue." While his department is only one of several concerned with ecology, Finch has been a leader in expressing concern. "The ecological sequence is just frightening," he says, discussing pesticides. "It drives you right out of your mind." A heavy smoker, he has nonetheless publicly supported the stand taken by the Federal Communications Commission against cigarette ads on TV: "I feel very strongly about those miserable commercials."

Since he considers Viet Nam and the battle against inflation his first priorities, Nixon has been reluctant to allot more than token funds this year to new departures. Even if it is approved, the new welfare scheme will not take effect until the summer of 1971. Some early benefits for the poor and the cit-

ies are, however, being planned. One was embodied in the tax proposals the President sent to Congress last week. Establishment of a "low-income allowance" would entirely exempt about 2,000,000 families from the federal income tax, giving them, in effect, a subsidy of \$700 million a year.

Another important tax measure, still under study in the White House, would use tax credits to induce business to invest in the ghetto. As a concept, it makes considerable sense. It will have to be very carefully drawn, however, to ensure that the slums receive the full benefits intended. Another Nixon recommendation—that the Federal Government share part of its revenues with local governments—could have an immense impact on the problems of the cities.

A Spate of Legislation

The details, not to mention the sums, are all-important. As a good share of the money were transmitted directly to the overburdened cities, the gains would be instantaneous. If it were funneled through the state governments, it would probably only raise false expectations. The states, dominated by rural and suburban interests, are unsympathetic to the urban crisis and would, without question, siphon off most of the funds before they could reach city hall.

The main efforts of the Nixon Administration so far have been directed toward the review and systematization of existing programs. "We've got a state of legislation on the books," says Finch. "Now we've got to rationalize it." Whereas Lyndon Johnson would sometimes propose legislation that he knew would get nowhere—just so Congress and the country would begin thinking about it—Richard Nixon is careful to suggest only bills that he thinks have a good chance of passage. Whereas Johnson would sometimes ask for programs that the bureaucracy was not prepared to administer—if only because he knew that he might not get them later—the new Administration is determined not to recommend anything that cannot be well managed from the start.

To that end, it has set up an Urban Affairs Council, which, like the National Security Council in foreign affairs, is empowered to coordinate the domestic programs and give an interdepartmental airing to problems that cut across bureaucratic jurisdictions. Often in the past, the various agencies were so busy fighting one another that they hardly had time to concern themselves with poverty or urban decay. To bring them closer together at the local level as well as in Washington, the Administration has reorganized field offices of five key divisions—HEW, the Department of Housing and Urban Development, the Labor Department, the Office of Economic Opportunity, and the Small Business Administration—so that they will all have mutual boundaries and common regional headquarters.

In the Labor Department, Secretary

Finch's Farrago

THE Department of Health, Education and Welfare is the most diversified bureaucracy in Washington. Entire governments in many other countries are more limited in scope. An industrialist would probably call it a conglomerate. A systems analyst would call it Mission Impossible. Robert Finch undoubtedly has his own phrase. A partial list of HEW's programs and institutions:

- Division of Indian Health
- Aid to Educationally Deprived Children
- Aid to the Mentally Retarded
- Aid to the Blind
- Aid to Educational Television
- Aid to Libraries
- Aid for the Permanently and Totally Disabled
- Aid to Families with Dependent Children
- Old Age Assistance
- Maternal and Child Health Services
- Bureau of Family Services
- Day Care for Working Mothers
- Family Planning
- Air Pollution Control
- Rat Control
- Pesticide Research
- Suicide Preventive Control Program
- Juvenile Delinquency Control
- Drug Abuse Control
- Consumer Credit Training
- National Center for Health Statistics
- National Clearinghouse on Smoking and Health
- National Institute of Mental Health
- National Cancer Institute
- National Heart Institute
- National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases
- National Institute of Dental Research
- National Institute of Neurological Diseases
- Hill-Burton Program for Hospital Construction
- Radiological Activities Program
- Nurse Training
- Vocational Rehabilitation
- Work Incentive Program
- Educational Opportunity Grants
- National Defense Education Act Student Loans
- National Defense Education Act Fellowships
- National Teacher Corps
- Head Start Program for Preschool Children
- Gallaudet College for the Deaf
- College Work-Study Program
- Howard University
- Adult Basic Education Program
- Cuban Refugee Program

George Shultz, one of the ablest of Nixon's appointees, has combined job-training programs and the employment service, on the logical assumption that the two should be coordinated so that people will be trained for jobs that are available. Labor has taken over OEO's Job Corps. The Interior Department is working on a major reshuffling of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and will probably transfer it to HEW or OEO. Interior Secretary Walter Hickel believes Interior should concern itself primarily with natural resources, and let one of the other departments take on an agency that is committed to people.

In contrast with the Eisenhower Administration during its early days, when some programs were changed simply to give them a Republican stamp, the Nixon people have been remarkably undogmatic and, for the most part, have examined Democratic commitments with nonpartisan objectivity. The Model Cities program has not only been retained, but has also won high praise as the kind of decentralized operation that the Nixonites want. Federal aid to education, which Republicans opposed for years, is now sacrosanct. OEO will stay in business, though some of its branches, such as the Head Start program, will be shifted to other agencies. Among Johnson's innovations, only the Job Corps has felt the full brunt of the ax, and even that was cut back by no more than a third. The Republicans can be more than a little pompous in praising their organizational abilities, but if they can put the Johnson legislation—particularly HEW's new programs—in order they will have accomplished a great deal.

Pragmatic Theme

Already Finch has accomplished something in his own department: he has made quite clear that he is in charge. Like the Defense Department before Robert McNamara, HEW has a habit of slipping away from his bosses. So far, Finch, who hitherto had held no administrative post, seems to be on top. "There are two ways you can run this department," says Comptroller Jim Kelly, HEW's highest-ranking civil servant. "You can come in and leave the minor barons to run their own show, or you can try to shape their outlooks and decisions. Finch has come in with the idea of taking over."

No one has defined the Administration's overall approach more plainly and precisely than Finch. "As far as I'm concerned," he told TIME Correspondent Marvin Zim, "our theme is going to be pragmatism. The urban crisis means different things to different people. The time has come to start de-escalating the rhetoric and to start thinking about how to solve it. Since we weren't elected by the big cities, we can start with a new kind of candor. We don't have to kid ourselves about political obligations."

While he has accepted the Govern-

ment's responsibility for society's problems, Finch, as a card-carrying Republican, believes in a greater role for individuals and nongovernmental agencies. "In the middle third of this century," he says, "social problems were looked upon as the exclusive province of the Federal Government. In the final third, we are going to have to mobilize resources far beyond mere federal dollars if we're going to deal effectively with those problems. We're going to have to engage a full cross section of the entire private or nongovernmental sector, individuals, institutions and other groupings alike. I think the Republican Party is far more likely to achieve that than the Democratic."

Absolutely Sweet

In outlook more than in anything he has planned or done in his short tenure, Finch gives promise of being a good, perhaps even a great general in domestic battle. On the surface he is superordinary, the all-American boy grown up. Blond, blue-eyed, ruggedly good-looking at six feet, he has been an Eagle Scout, prizewinning college debater, Marine officer. He is a devoted father of four (three girls, 18, 13 and 11, and a boy, 15) and the husband of his college sweetheart.

"Bob doesn't have any enemies," says one of the President's aides. "He's just too nice a guy. He walks into the room, and you just instantly like him. Even people who disagree with him—and I'm one—think he's a charming character." There was reason enough to believe that he and Pat Moynihan, head of the President's Council for Urban Affairs, would fight for dominance in the domestic sphere. Both extremely strong-willed men, they have instead developed a close rapport. "Bob Finch," says Moynihan, his Irish speaking, "is an absolutely sweet man."

Born in Tempe, Ariz., a little agricultural town south of Phoenix, Finch was introduced early to political life by his father, a cotton farmer and one of a handful of Republicans in the state legislature. Three bad harvests in a row forced a move across the state line, and in 1930 Robert Finch Sr. took a job as a sales manager in San Francisco. Two years later, the family transferred to Southern California, where his son has lived ever since. Young Bob was deeply influenced by his father, and when he died of cancer in 1941, Finch struck out almost fanatically to fill the void in his life. Emulating his father, Bob became a fervent campus politician at Inglewood High, winning his junior and senior class presidencies, and later at Occidental College, where he organized a Republican club. No one doubted that he would make politics his career.

At 17, he joined the Marine Corps, which sent him to nearby Occidental under the officer-training V-12 program. As the man of the family and rather awed by that responsibility, he dispensed spine-stiffening advice to his twelve-year-

old sister, now Mrs. Kenneth Schechter. "You know, Sue," he wrote once, "I have been here about two weeks, and already it's quite obvious which are leaders and which are those of poor caliber. The leaders, the ones that are respected, are those that have a fine background, such as we have (you and I). But more important, they have lived and do live a life of which they can be proud. It has helped me immensely to listen to Mother (your conscience), pray often, and think what Dad would say."

At Occidental, his wife Carol, two years his senior, remembers him as a strait-laced type who neither drank nor smoked—and once wrote a poem urging her to give up cigarettes. She did—only to see him succumb. Until he took his present job, where he feels he

agreed. For Finch, 13 years Nixon's junior, it was, as he recollects, "all very flattering." On Nixon's urging, Finch returned to California two years later to get a law degree from the University of Southern California. Against Nixon's advice, he decided, at 26, to challenge veteran Congressman Cecil King in a strongly Democratic district. Two years later, he tried and lost again. In 1962, he returned Nixon the favor, advising him against his disastrous run for the California governorship. For once, he stayed out of a Nixon campaign.

With three U.S.C. classmates, Finch formed the law firm of Finch, Bell, Duitsman & Jekel in Inglewood. They were no overnight success. Bell had to moonlight at a dietetic-ice-cream factory; Duitsman worked in the post



AT HOME IN FALLS CHURCH, VA.*

Eluding the label of either liberal or conservative.

has to set an example, he was smoking three packs a day.

After a stint at the Quantico Marine base—he trained as a platoon leader for an invasion of Japan—Finch returned to Occidental. He became student-body president, and married Carol, who had worn his fraternity pin for two years. Even then, recalls classmate Don Muchmore, the California pollster, "he was a practically invincible campaigner because he was—and still is—curious about people and he always wanted to know why they do what they do. The why, in Bob's thinking, has always been as important as the how, and perhaps more so."

During his senior year, Finch plunged into the successful congressional campaign of Norris Poulson, later mayor of Los Angeles. Only 21, he went to Washington as Poulson's executive secretary, and soon struck up an acquaintance with another freshman California Congressman down the hall. At the end of the day, Nixon and Finch would talk politics—"war games," in Finch's words—and found that they generally

officed; Jekel was a scenic artist at MGM; Finch, who had been called back to the Marine Corps by the Korean War, commuted between Los Angeles and Camp Pendleton, 75 miles distant. However, his congressional campaigns had not been entirely wasted. The publicity brought his fledgling firm more and more work, and by all accounts he was an excellent lawyer. The law, however, was not Finch's métier.

The Campaigns Begin

After two years as chairman of the Los Angeles County Republican Committee—a big post for a man in his early 30s—he was invited to Washington by Nixon in 1958 to handle the then Vice President's bid for the 1960 presidential nomination. That year he became Nixon's campaign director. Many observers of that contest maintain that if Nixon had not persisted in meddling with every detail of the campaign—an

* Priscilla, Maureen, Secretary Finch, Cathleen, Mrs. Finch and Kevin.



OUTPATIENTS' CLINIC UNDER MEDICARE IN ARIZONA
Time to de-escalate the rhetoric.

unfortunate tendency he learned to master in 1968—he would have become President eight years sooner.

In 1964, Finch shepherded George Murphy through his victorious senatorial campaign. Two years later, in 1966, he won his own election as Lieutenant Governor of California, after what then-Aide William Callender calls a "slide-rule precision campaign that for timing, vigor, and calculation was classic." Finch polled the biggest majority any California Republican had ever achieved in a statewide race, and 92,000 more votes than Ronald Reagan received for Governor. As the returns piled up for his first political victory since college, Finch cried: "How sweet it is! How sweet it is!"

The Political Poet

The Lieutenant Governor was almost immediately at odds with Reagan and his retinue, who resented Finch's independence and his closeness to Nixon. "I'm sure," Finch once remarked, "that some of them think I go home and get on the phone with Dick every night." Finch bitterly opposed cuts in aid to mental hospitals, and initiated legislation to set up a state Department of Human Resources Development, pulling together such social-service functions as job training and the poverty program. As an *ex officio* member of the University of California's board of regents, he frequently angered the Governor by moderating Reagan's often simplistic, sometimes vindictive attitude toward the strife-ridden university.

Reagan should not have expected a rubber stamp. Even during the campaign, Finch had demonstrated his independence. He opposed, for example, the vote-catching anti-pornography legislation that Reagan vigorously supported. "Finch has adroitly managed to establish an aura of independence with-

out really differing consequentially," said Assembly Democratic Leader Jesse Unruh, with a trace of admiration. "And that takes some doing."

During last year's campaign, Finch was almost constantly at Nixon's side, providing counsel on every key decision. The President's admiration for Finch's political acumen is almost unbounded, and he sometimes refers to him as a "political poet."

The close relationship has not changed since Inauguration, and Nixon still calls on Finch for comment on almost any subject that comes across his desk, from the ABM to the downed Korean spy plane and Viet Nam. Finch, characteristically, refuses to tell what either he or the President says. That is one of his strongest ties: the President trusts him totally. "The President knows that when he talks to Finch," says White House Aide Hess, "he's talking to someone who has his best interests at heart." Of all the Cabinet members who telephone the oval office, only two—Finch and Attorney General John Mitchell, who also has close links with Nixon—are answered immediately. The same cannot be said for even the Secretary of State or Defense. It is too early to predict with any certainty, but it is more than possible that Finch will assume the wide-ranging role that Robert Kennedy had in his brother's Administration. It would be surprising if Nixon did not share his burdens with Finch, who is in many ways like a younger brother to the President.

Still, Nixon may not be able to give Finch both the power and the money he needs to become a truly successful Secretary of HEW. He has allowed him to pick almost all of his chief assistants, some of whom would seem more at ease in a Democratic or a Rockefeller Republican Administration. John Veneman, his Under Secretary, has al-

ways been associated with the liberal wing of California's G.O.P. and was a Rockefeller supporter in 1964. Lewis Butler, Assistant Secretary for Planning and Evaluation, organized the California Republican League, a group primarily concerned with urban problems.

Dr. James Allen, the incoming Assistant Secretary for Education, was Nelson Rockefeller's education commissioner in Albany and, according to former HEW Secretary John Gardner, the best state education director in the country. James Farmer, a former national director of CORE, is Assistant Secretary for Administration, and Leon Panetta, a tough civil rights activist, is in charge of the Office for Civil Rights. Thus far, however, Nixon has not backed Finch on the politically delicate appointment of Dr. Knowles as Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs, a matter of considerable importance.

The Two Camps

For the immediate future, Finch will be sorely pinched for funds. The new regime can argue fairly convincingly that no more money is available this year for domestic programs—and even that a period of consolidation will prove beneficial. The showdown will come when Viet Nam spending diminishes. Nixon will then be confronted with demands by the military for hugely expensive new weapons systems. On the other hand, he will have to answer pleas for fiscal economy from men of weight in a conservative coalition. The cities—and Bob Finch—may get lost in between. Sooner or later, Finch will have to make the choices that he was not really confronted with this year. Already the lines are visible within the Nixon Administration. In one camp—the liberal, relatively free-spending one—are Finch, Moynihan, Shultz and George Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. On the conservative, economy-minded side are Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans, Bryce Harlow, a presidential assistant with a wide-ranging mandate, and perhaps the most important, Arthur Burns, counselor to the President and a man of considerable influence within the Administration.

In three months, Finch has already angered some, just as Wilbur Cohen predicted he would. Whatever he says or does, he will anger many more in the next three years. To many liberals and moderates, however, he is the man of promise. Says Hugh Sidey, TIME's Washington bureau chief, "Robert Finch is what everybody hopes this Administration will be. He is young in thought, liberal in tone, concerned in manner, and vigorous in movement. On the home front, he stands so far as the most inspiring, the most knowing, and the most caring figure in the Administration." HEW demands all those qualities and more. Any man who can use them even halfway successfully will play a special role in shaping the quality of American life.

THE ADMINISTRATION

The New OEO Fan

During the Johnson Administration, running the crisis-plagued Office of Economic Opportunity was a thankless job and an administrative horror. Sargent Shriver escaped last spring after four high-pressure years, and President Johnson never formally nominated a replacement. The post seemed even less promising under the new Administration. OEO was a favorite target of Candidate Nixon, and one of the new President's first deeds was to strip the antipoverty agency of its major programs, including Head Start and the Job Corps. It was no wonder that Nixon was unable to find a new director for three months.

Last week he finally announced his man: Illinois Congressman Donald Rumsfeld. Presiding over OEO's burnt-out shell seemed to be an extremely unpromising job for an ambitious, attractive young Republican like "Rummy" Rumsfeld. He would be giving up one of the safest seats in Congress; his constituents had sent him to Congress four straight times. But, argued the White House, running OEO will be only a portion of his responsibility. Rumsfeld will also have full Cabinet status and be a presidential assistant (salary: \$42,500, equal to congressional pay). Finally, he will sit on Pat Moynihan's Urban Affairs Council as chairman of its OEO subcommittee.

Cramped Position. Rumsfeld had refused an administration post at first but changed his mind when Nixon sweetened the OEO job with status and responsibility. Also figuring in Rumsfeld's change of heart was his cramped position in the House. Rumsfeld had



NIXON HOUSE AT SAN CLEMENTE

To replant the roots.

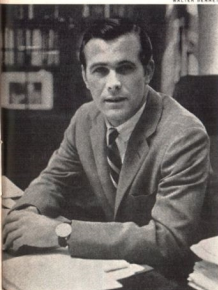
made a powerful enemy in Illinois' Les Arends by joining an unsuccessful attempt to replace Arends as Republican whip. In apparent retribution, the leadership denied Rumsfeld his preference in committee assignments and seemingly cut him off from advancement in the House hierarchy. Apparently, Rumsfeld was blocked.

The product of a wealthy, 97% white district of lakeshore suburbs north of Chicago, the Protestant, Princetonian Rumsfeld, 36, appears at first to be an unlikely choice to lead the nation's fight on poverty. He opposed much of the Johnson antipoverty legislation, including the measure setting up OEO. He says that his stand reflected a difference over methods, not goals. But since he came to Congress in 1963 as a crew-cut conservative, his sympathies for the poor, as well as his hair, have grown.

the coastal highway. There is even the convenience of nearby Camp Pendleton, with a handy helicopter pad for presidential commuting.

Wooded Seclusion. The classic red-roofed Spanish house was built 45 years ago by Henry Hamilton Cotton, millionaire real estate developer and prominent California Democrat. His widow, now 90, still lives there. Cotton brought Mexican artisans to lay the tile floors and build furniture and thick, wood-pegged doors. The house encloses a warm, sheltered patio with a fountain, outdoor fireplace, lawn and shrubbery. All five bedrooms open on the patio. Nixon likes seclusion and is especially fond of a semicircular library, reachable only from an outside stairway. Wide living-room windows overlook the ocean.

Initially, Nixon wants to buy the seven waterfront acres, including the house and gardens, with their flourishing trees, for an estimated \$400,000. He is also dickering for an option on the remaining 13 acres of the estate, to assign to a "friendly" buyer of his choice. One of the last points to be worked out was the purchase of some of the handmade furniture. The President has also been negotiating the sale of his 12-room New York City apartment, and Pat said they have had 16 offers. It is expected to bring the President about \$350,000; when he bought it in 1963, the list price was \$135,000. The Nixons are not planning beyond the White House years, but San Clemente may well become their permanent home; they are planning to use it as their voting address. Although they spent a house-hunting weekend there in March, they were not the first presidential visitors. One summer afternoon in 1935, Cotton hosted a barbecue for 4,000 guests, among them Franklin Roosevelt.



DONALD RUMSFELD
Sweetened with status.

THE PRESIDENCY

White House West

Like many American families, the mobile Richard Nixons have had no permanent home. Since World War II, Nixon's career has taken them to Washington, California, New York and now Washington again. But Dick and Pat Nixon were raised in California, and last week they were wrapping up final details to buy a house that could reestablish their roots in their old state.

Their White House West will be Cotton Point, a spacious adobe villa in the resort town of San Clemente, 50 miles south of Los Angeles. The location appeared ideal for a presidential retreat. The weather is dry and sunny nearly year-round, offering a respite from muggy Key Biscayne summers. There is privacy; the house sits on 20 sequestered acres on a bluff between the ocean and

The Limits of Commitment: A TIME-Louis Harris Poll

WHAT lessons have the American people learned from the war in Viet Nam? In light of that chastening experience, how do Americans appraise the nation's military commitments around the world? How willing are Americans to have the U.S. intervene in other, future conflicts? Pollster Louis Harris and a task force of interviewers surveyed for TIME a representative sample of Americans. Harris' poll reveals widespread skepticism about the uses of military power—including strong doubt about what the U.S. should do to counter irritating jabs from an increasingly pugnacious North Korea.

If North Korea continues to capture U.S. spy ships or shoot down U.S. aircraft, a sizable minority—21%—feel that the U.S. should risk nuclear war with the Soviet Union. On the other hand, 62% think the danger not worth incurring, while 17% are unsure. There is disagreement over how the U.S. should respond directly to renewed North Korean provocation: 21% would send another warning, 21% would favor a naval blockade, 16% would bomb North Korea's airfields. Only 8% would go to war with North Korea, and more than a third (34%) are not sure what the U.S. ought to do.

A majority of Americans, 82%, still fears that without any U.S. guarantee of their territorial integrity, many smaller nations face the threat of aggression.

But when it comes to supporting threatened nations with force, that majority diminishes: only by 46% to 36% do the American people want to extend such guarantees. A majority (64%) maintains that if weaker nations are to be defended at all by the U.S., it must be in conjunction with America's principal allies. By nearly 2 to 1 (52% to 28%), Americans now believe that "we cannot go it alone in the world any more." Many Americans now favor pulling back into an "orbit of protection," as Harris calls it, which is considerably more restricted than the rhetoric of U.S. foreign policy would suggest.

Nothing resembling a majority of Americans is prepared to use nuclear weapons to defend any other country. France's Charles de Gaulle has often said as much, and the Harris figures strongly indicate that he is right. More Americans are willing to use nuclear weapons in defense of Canada than of any other country, but at that only 17% would risk it. Mexico is second, at 15%. If Brazil were invaded by outside Communist military force, 52% would favor some form of U.S. help—though only 7% would go so far as to launch hydrogen bombs. Only 42% would aid Italy, a staunch NATO ally. Americans would not go that far if other countries were threatened by a Communist takeover from within, even if the insurrection had outside help; in

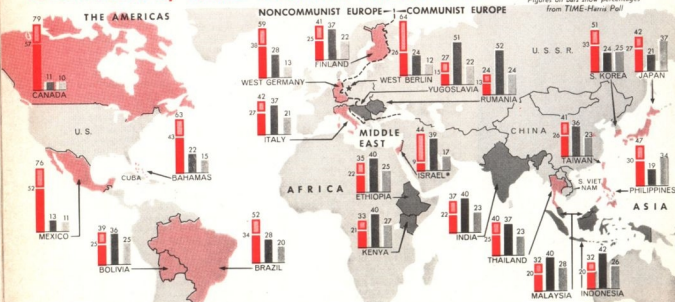
such a situation, for example, only 28% would have the U.S. come to the aid of Italy. Despite John Kennedy's ringing "*Ich bin ein Berliner*" declaration of U.S. solidarity with West Berlin, reaffirmed by President Nixon during his European visit two months ago, only 23% of Americans would be willing to risk nuclear war if West Berlin were in danger of Communist invasion. A notably larger number, 31%, would take that risk if Cuba, backed by the Soviet Union, threatened to take over Venezuela. Only in one hypothetical situation on Harris' questionnaire—"If Cuba, backed by the Russians, threatened to take over Mexico"—would Americans be willing to use nuclear weapons, and that by only a minuscule 43%-41% margin.

Even on the question of running that risk over Mexico, there is no clear agreement, for different segments of the population respond differently. Harris found that Easterners would not run the nuclear risk for Mexico, 36% to 49%, while Westerners would, 51% to 36%; the explanation, presumably, is the obvious difference in geographical proximity. The young (under 35) tend to oppose use of nuclear weapons in the context of a Soviet-supported Cuban threat to Mexico by 43% to 40%, while their elders generally favor it by slightly more than the same margin. Those who voted for Humphrey in 1968 are against using nuclear weapons (44%

Q: If invaded by outside Communist military forces?

Help Stay out Not sure

Figures on bars show percentages from TIME-Harris Poll



*ISRAEL: If in danger of being overrun

TIME Map by R. H. Chaplin, Jr.

to 42%). Nixon voters tend to favor them (46% to 41%) as a last resort, while Wallace backers are heavily probom (50% to 34%). Veterans in general are less reluctant than the public as a whole to risk a nuclear showdown (56% to 33%), but only a minority of Viet Nam veterans (43%) agree.

Given any sort of military intervention, the risk of nuclear war of course can never be totally ruled out. To gain further insight, therefore, the questionnaire posited U.S. military intervention short of nuclear war. Under such circumstances, the picture changes. If West Berlin were threatened by a Communist takeover, 64% would favor nonnuclear U.S. help and only 24% would oppose it. Yet of the 64% backing Berlin, less than half would send NATO troops to the city's defense; the rest would either offer U.S. weapons or simply issue a warning to the aggressor. The prevalent belief is that West Berlin is not worth a war with the Russians—only 36% would go that far.

Israel is a special case outside the principal orbit of protection. There is a small majority (44% to 39%) in favor of going to the aid of the Israelis should Soviet-aided Arabs threaten to overrun them, but only 9% of those sampled believe that the U.S. should go so far as to send in troops. "Clearly," Harris observes, "the American people are not prepared to make to Israel anything like the commitment that we have made to South Viet Nam."

In general, the U.S. orbit of protection is extremely limited, and the closer a threatened country is to the U.S. the more concerned Americans are with helping to defend it against aggression. North America, and South America to a lesser extent, seems to Americans worth defending, as does Western Europe. Otherwise, however, more Americans than not would rather that the U.S. stay out, except for Asian areas with an obvious special interest for the U.S.—South Korea, Japan, the Philippines, Taiwan and Thailand. Only a minority would give U.S. assistance in a crisis to such third-world nations as India (37%), Ethiopia (35%), Kenya (33%), Indonesia (32%), or Malaysia (32%). By 2 to 1, Americans would not favor aid to Yugoslavia or Rumania, two of Eastern Europe's more restive nations.

Most Americans (52% to 32%) think a third World War can be avoided, and lopsided majorities favor reducing East-West tensions in general. In particular, they would approve agreements with the Soviet Union to enlarge the U.N.'s peace-keeping role and to control nuclear weapons. While they support such initiatives, however, the only one given a real chance of success is nuclear-arms limitation; 51% think that is like-

ly to come about, while 28% disagree and 21% are uncertain.

Most Americans believe that the original U.S. commitment to South Viet Nam was justified. But most also conclude that the U.S. has failed to achieve its aim of preventing a Communist takeover in that country. A 56% majority feel it is "very important" that Hanoi and the Viet Cong not take over South Viet Nam, and by a 50%-to-37% margin Americans answer affirmatively when asked, "Is the war in Viet Nam worth it or not?" Despite that conviction, 45% of the U.S. public conclude that the nation is not succeeding in preventing a Communist victory in Viet Nam, against only 38% who think otherwise.

If Americans had known back in 1961 that the war would last so long and be so costly in U.S. lives and funds, they would have opposed U.S. involvement overwhelmingly—63% to 26%. Only 9% would accept a settlement of the war that meant an outright Communist takeover of South Viet Nam either immediately or in three to five years' time. But twice that number, 18%, would agree to ending the war by setting up a coalition government including Communists, even if such a settlement left the Viet Cong in position to dominate South Viet Nam eventually. More broadly, 83% would like to see some solution that would neutralize Southeast Asia so that it is neither pro-American nor pro-Communist.

"The mood of the American people is to take a hard look at the limits of U.S. military power in the world," Harris says. "Only a small 8% want to see a larger role in the world for American military power, on the assumption that 'this is the only way in which Communism can be stopped' and 'this is the only way respect for the U.S. can be maintained.' But more than four times this number, 34%, say they would like to reduce the U.S. military role in the world, reasoning that 'we are over-extended now,' it is too expensive to become involved, 'others ought to solve their own problems,' and 'we have suffered too many casualties already.' A majority of 51% feel our present stance is as far as we ought to go."

In conclusion, Harris says: "To the central question—Should America, in the light of the Viet Nam experience, continue to guarantee the integrity of its smaller allies against aggression?—the answer is a highly qualified yes. That answer is tempered still more by a mood of caution against commitment of American blood, by a desire for a realistic drawing of lines that define just where we stand. Deepest of all is the American desire to work out some way to peace and *détente* with the Communists, however long or tortuous that road might be."

Instant Armada

Showing the flag is an ancient ploy that has worn a bit thin. Richard Nixon's decision to show American military might last week was an appropriate reaction in the face of severe North Korean provocation. But he may have overdone it somewhat. In response to North Korea's destruction of a U.S. EC-121 spy plane over international waters, the President gave sailing orders to Task Force 71, a 40-ship armada assigned the task of protecting future reconnaissance flights near North Korea.

The force included three attack aircraft carriers and an anti-submarine aircraft carrier, with a total of more than 200 planes, three cruisers, 22 destroyers, at least five submarines, five or six supply ships and, briefly, U.S.S. *New Jersey*, the world's only operative battleship. A perplexing question is why so formidable a fleet was needed.

Risks Remain. Pentagon officials argued that defense of the lumbering spy planes requires many jet fighters. Ostensibly, the size and power of TF-71 were intended to discourage North Korea from further adventurism. But there was also a domestic political consideration. During the presidential campaign, Nixon had maintained that the U.S. should react to small provocations lest they grow into large incidents. There were plenty of hawks around last week to remind him of that remark.

It would certainly have been imprudent to deploy a force vulnerable to North Korean airpower. But there were risks in any case. Would Premier Kim Il Sung look upon the force as a constraint or a challenge? If the North Korean dictator chose the latter view, further conflict could easily develop. In fact, the North Koreans reacted sharply to the force's presence. Kim announced an increase of 11% in his military budget as a result of the new U.S. "threat," thereby raising North Korea's annual defense spending to \$561 million.

Costly and Limited. At week's end it seemed that the Administration was drawing back from its show of strength. About 20 of the 29 surface warships of TF-71 were redeployed from the Sea of Japan to the Yellow Sea, possibly in response to Russian displeasure. The withdrawal takes the main force from the eastern side of the Korean peninsula to its western approaches. More important, it moves the ships farther from Soviet shores, making them less provocative to Moscow. In any event, it seems that TF-71 will be only a temporary measure. General Earle G. Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, told a special House investigating committee last week that TF-71 is "inordinately expensive" and can only be maintained for "a limited period of time." Wheeler noted further that earlier attempts to protect the reconnaissance flights had proved "very expensive and relatively ineffective" and had been stopped.

The Safeguard Battle

In the continuing controversy over the Safeguard anti-ballistic missile system, the Administration is embarrassed by lagging support in Congress and in the country. Representing the White House, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird refuses to settle for anything less than Safeguard, arguing that it is the "minimal step necessary at this time to ensure the security of the American people." But on Capitol Hill the Nixon ABM proposal is faced with diminished backing and is undermining Republican solidarity. There is concern among Nixon advisers that the President could suffer his first defeat this month when ABM comes to a vote in the Senate. Opponents now claim to have a majority.

Ignoring pressure to compromise, Laird took to the road last week with a hard line ABM argument. He told a group of newspaper editors in Florida

self an extraordinary event—in which eight scientists presented now familiar supporting and opposing views on ABM.

Proponents argued that in an attack the ABM umbrella would protect enough ICBMs from destruction to allow the U.S. to retaliate.

But those against Safeguard countered that in seven years, by the time it is fully developed, the system may well be obsolete. Moreover, it can never be tested because of the 1963 Test Ban Treaty. They argued further that if Russia ever launched a massive saturation strike on U.S. second-strike missile sites, the proposed Safeguard system would be capable of stopping only an insignificant number of incoming ICBMs.

Faced with defections in his own party, including at least half of the normally loyal freshman Republican Senators, Nixon must now decide on a future course. If he chooses to press the fight, he may take the issue to the people via prime-time television.

OHIO

Rhodes Under Fire

Republican Jim Rhodes has done very well in Ohio politics. He was mayor of Columbus for nearly four terms, and after ten years as state auditor he was picked in 1962 to take on Democratic Governor Mike DiSalle. Take him Rhodes did, by the largest majority ever in an Ohio gubernatorial election. Rhodes' second four-year term is nearly up, and statehouse scuttlebutt has it that the popular and efficient Governor may try for a U.S. Senate seat next year.

Now it appears that this impressive record may lose some of its sheen. The reasons, reported by LIFE this week following extensive investigation, are two. Rhodes commuted the life sentence of a major Mafia mobster early this year, ostensibly because of age, ill health and good behavior. And for years, Rhodes has been using political campaign funds for his own personal purposes.

Special Favors. The Mafia character is Yonnie Licavoli, now 65, who has been running Toledo numbers rackets by long distance and raking in underworld income from Detroit and elsewhere—all the while reposing in his cell at the Ohio State Penitentiary. He was sent up for life in 1934 for murdering and conspiring to murder two gambling competitors, a Toledo bootlegger and the bootlegger's girl friend. Before commutation, Licavoli was not eligible for parole; Ohio law forbids it in the case of a life sentence for first-degree murder. Now, however, the parole board can vote to free him at any time. Licavoli has relatives who are Cosa Nostra powers in Michigan, Ohio and Arizona. If released, he would live in a Grosse Pointe, Mich., house until now occupied by an in-law who is still in the rackets.

Over the years, three prison officials have lost their jobs for permitting Li-



RHODES AT CINCINNATI OPENING GAME
Sizable deficiencies.



DEFENSE SECRETARY LAIRD
Hard road for the hard line.

that, "based on the best information available to me," the Soviets will have 2,500 long-range missiles by 1975. By contrast, he said, the U.S. now has 1,054 ICBMs and at present no more are programmed for the next five years.

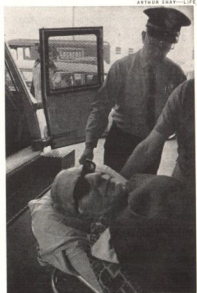
In Norfolk, Va., Laird dismissed reports that the Administration is considering the face-saving compromise of proposing another year of research and development. Senate Republicans who oppose Nixon's ABM plan want the Administration to begin strategic arms talks with the Russians, then use this as an excuse to delay construction of ABM sites.

Skeptical Mood. On Capitol Hill, opponents of ABM claimed last week that their mail was running heavily against Safeguard. There was a growing mood of skepticism about military spending in general, and a fear that the \$7 billion ABM system might lead to further acceleration of the arms race.

The Senate Armed Services Committee held an opening hearing—in it-

cavoli special favors. The latest scandal occurred in 1958, when a state police investigation showed that Licavoli was being allowed unauthorized visitors by the superintendent, who accepted presents from Licavoli's friends and even turned up as a guest at the Detroit wedding of Licavoli's daughter. One of Licavoli's visitors was Teamster President James R. Hoffa, now doing time at the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa., for jury tampering. Only a month ago, Licavoli was transferred from prison to a private hospital, for treatment of a "massive" heart attack.

Why Rhodes chose to commute Licavoli's sentence, thus making him el-



LICAVOLI AFTER HEART ATTACK
Rockets in repose.

igible for parole for the first time, is a mystery. Governor after governor had turned down Licavoli's pleas for clemency. Rhodes himself had done so in 1963, telling the prisoner: "It is impossible to disassociate your recent good conduct from the extended criminal conspiracy that brought about your imprisonment in the first place." For years, reports have flourished that Licavoli's Mafia friends would pay at least \$250,000 for his release. In announcing the commutation, Rhodes took pains to observe that an investigation he ordered found "no evidence of such payment or promises." But LIFE quotes former officials, including ex-Governor DiSalle, as saying that they were aware of bribe offers from Columbus Mafia Leader Mike DeAngelo, among others. LIFE does not contend that Governor Rhodes accepted a bribe.

Even without Licavoli, Rhodes has troubles. LIFE says that while Rhodes reported \$21,024.29 on his federal income tax forms as "gifts and gratuities" in 1958 and 1959, the Internal Revenue Service collected more than \$85,000 in deficient taxes and interest because of income—supposedly political campaign funds—which Rhodes had entirely failed to report.

"In summary," concludes LIFE's Denny Walsh, "over the past ten years Rhodes has settled tax claims against him by paying in excess of \$100,000 in taxes, interest and penalties on income he did not report. For purposes of comparison, the amount he has been forced by IRS to pay in deficiencies is nearly equal to the total amount of income on which Senator Tom Dodd of Connecticut has been accused of evading taxes in his celebrated case."

TRIALS

Toward the Gas Chamber

Throughout the long days of the trial, George Broomis had listened attentively to both sides. An openly emotional man, he tried his best to control himself, but at times found it impossible. "I'm a sentimental person," says Broomis, "and every time the tears came to my eyes I tried to stop them. Day after day, sitting there with him sitting in the chair in front of me, it was terrible. I tried not to look at him and I tried not to look at his mother, but they were always there."

For Broomis and the eleven other jurors, the ordeal of Case No. 233421 ended last week. The seven men and five women decreed that Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, killer of Senator Robert F. Kennedy, should be put to death in the gas chamber at San Quentin.

The first-degree verdict and the death sentence showed how little impact the defense had in trying to prove with psychiatric testimony that Sirhan was incapable of telling right from wrong. It was the uncomplicated, law-and-order approach by the prosecution that convinced the jury. "Sirhan Sirhan was entitled to a fair trial," Pros-

ecuting Attorney John Howard told the jurors in arguing against a life sentence. "He has no special claim to further preservation."

Too Harsh. Having reached the first-degree murder verdict the previous week, the panel, under California law, had to decide on Sirhan's punishment. The defense and prosecution made brief pleas, after which the jury spent eleven hours and 45 minutes deciding Sirhan's fate. "I know he premeditated the murder with malice," said Broomis, "but I still thought the death penalty was too harsh." Four formal ballots were taken, but life imprisonment never received more than three votes. Finally, unanimity was achieved. George A. Stitzel, a pressroom foreman for the Los Angeles Times, reported later: "One item that was very important was the idea that we should stand behind our laws."



SIRHAN CONFERRING WITH HIS LAWYERS
No special claim to further preservation.

Benjamin Glick, owner of a women's clothing store and the only Jew on the panel, reasoned that Sirhan was not only anti-Zionist but "fanatically" against anyone who supports Israel. "Bending over backwards to give him more of a break," Glick voted for life imprisonment on the first ballot. He stayed up all the next night, finally deciding that Sirhan "deserved death for his heinous, dastardly crime."

Defense testimony by two psychiatrists and six psychologists was often obscure, at times conflicting—and never convincing to the jury. When the defense pressed its experts for judgments on Sirhan's sanity, the imprecision of the science became obvious. Each psychologist and psychiatrist seemed to have a slightly different theory about Sirhan's mental state. "All those psychiatrists—they really had us all stirred up," said Albert N. Frederico, a plumber. "It was confusing. It stunk."

Under California law, the defense

will now ask Judge Herbert Walker to commute the death sentence to life imprisonment—a request he has granted only once in more than 15 years on the bench. If this fails, there will be appeals. The defense will argue that the court did not exercise its discretion when it failed to accept a plea of first-degree murder with a recommendation for life sentence—a pretrial settlement to which the prosecution had agreed. Judge Walker insisted the case had too much significance to be settled out of court. It was, in fact, just such a plea in Memphis that saved James Earl Ray, the hardened criminal who killed Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., from the same type of trial. Perhaps Ray thus escaped the same death penalty that now hangs over Sirhan, the Palestinian refugee who had no criminal record before he ended Kennedy's life last June.

TRANSPORTATION

More Rolling Freight

Tougher safety regulations governing U.S. railroads are a major goal of the National Transportation Safety Board, which has noted that derailments increased by 71% between 1961 and 1968 (TIME, March 7). Last week the case for regulation was strengthened still further when two more freight trains with potentially lethal cargoes jumped the tracks on the same day.

The 300 residents of East German town, Ind., were evacuated when 61 cars of a 110-car Penn Central train were derailed, spraying the area with chemicals that set fires and sparked explosions. In Texas, 13 cars of a Kansas City Southern freight train carrying inflammable liquefied gas were derailed south of Texarkana. Six families were evacuated when a fire seemed likely. No one was injured in the two derailments. But the rolling freight continues.

THE WORLD

FRANCE REJECTS DE GAULLE

FOR 30 years, his destiny and that of France had been inseparably intertwined. For over a decade, he had presided over France in as rare an identification of ruler and ruled as modern history shows. In many ways he was an anachronism. He dealt in abstract verities more than in practical politics. He bullied in an age of persuasion; he dictated in an era of dialogue. But through it all there was always some curious alchemy between Charles de Gaulle and the people of France when it came down to the irrevocable *oui* or *non*. It seemed inconceivable, even as the damning evidence of election-eve polls mounted, that the French would deny him another victory. Nonetheless, they did. By a margin of 53 to 47% in a referendum that De Gaulle had needlessly elevated to a test of confidence, France last week rejected its President.

As always, he was as good as his word. In a final television appeal to the nation two days before the balloting, he had repeated an earlier warning to resign at once "if I am disavowed." Shortly after midnight on Monday morning, the voting trend unmistakable, De Gaulle sent a two-sentence communiqué to Paris from his country home at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises. It said: "I am ceasing the exercise of my functions as President of the Republic. This decision takes effect at noon today."

Gracelessly Sacked. It was a decision whose immediate consequence was to elevate President of the Senate Alain Poher, 60, to the interim presidency of the Republic. Under the constitution that De Gaulle himself created, Poher must call an election in no sooner than 20 and no later than 35 days for a new and permanent French President. Poher, a member of the Centrist Party, might be a candidate, as might Centrist Leader Jean Lecanuet, a dedicated European integrationist, and Communist Jacques Duclos among others. But the most formidable candidate was likely to be Georges Pompidou, 57, long De Gaulle's righthand man and Premier until last July, when the general pre-emptorily and gracelessly sacked him for doing all too well in handling the student-worker crisis.

In the first hours of De Gaulle's defeat, the jovial, ursine Pompidou was maintaining the respectful silence of a mourner. A onetime classics teacher, he knew how to honor the tragedy of the fall of a great man. But as a former Rothschild banker, he was also well aware of the fund of admiration

and good will that the French people hold for him. When the Latin Quarter was a battleground last May and June, De Gaulle cut and ran for Colombey and very nearly quit. Pompidou took over, and in a round-the-clock performance under strong pressure, effectively ran the government and cooled the crisis. He felt then that "a current" passed between himself and the country, and quietly told friends that "I will either be the next President of France or the leader of the opposition." He campaigned hard for De Gaulle's referendum, but he never took the step that



DE GAULLE IN FINAL TV APPEAL
A victim of his own success.

some Gaullists urged on him: to promise publicly that he would not run for the presidency if De Gaulle lost.

Monumental Error. There were cynics who suggested that the reassuring presence of Pompidou on the *après-De Gaulle* horizon had in fact helped French voters send De Gaulle into retirement. Obviously that alone could not explain De Gaulle's defeat. Clearly, enough French voters had had enough of the general after eleven years, and finally rebelled at being forced to vote *oui* in referendums not because of the issues involved but because the President threatened to take his marbles and go home. In staking his office on this referendum, De Gaulle had erred. Like all his acts, the error proved monumental. There was no need to tie himself to a set of proposals that did not seem to matter much to many French.

The referendum had started out months ago as a simple device to en-

able the people of France to vote on the constitutional changes needed to carry out a long-planned decentralization of the country's top-heavy administration. What De Gaulle proposed was to redistrict France's historic 95 departments into 21 economic regions, each having its own legislature. Referendums are expensive propositions and thus infrequent (this was the fifth in the Fifth Republic's history), so the President decided to dispose of a few other matters at the same time. He lumped in a provision to downgrade the Senate and turn it into a council of wise men without powers. Significantly, he also proposed to change the law so as to make his prime minister and not the Senate president his interim successor.

The package did not amuse the French; it did not even interest them. Three weeks before the vote, public-opinion samples indicated that over half the electorate either would not vote or had no opinion on the issues. An impossible situation, De Gaulle concluded, that could only be saved by his personal intervention. He would threaten to resign "without delay" if the French did not come around. He so informed the French in a TV address on April 25, despite Cabinet warnings that he might lose. Even Poher told De Gaulle he was taking an enormous risk. "The general listened to me politely, but he didn't hear me," said Poher later.

With the fate of the government at stake, the Gaullists launched into a furious campaign for a yes vote. As always, the resources of the government-controlled radio and TV were exploited shamelessly to sell the regime's case. Nearly every Gaullist Cabinet member hit the hustings. The Ministry of the Interior sent out millions of pamphlets explaining the referendum. Every specter was invoked by the Gaullists: a run on the franc and certain devaluation if De Gaulle was repudiated (possible), a resumption of student unrest (perhaps), the threat of some vague Communist uprising (highly unlikely).

Counting on Women. It was all to no avail, and there were small signs that near the end, De Gaulle's understanding of the French people had not failed and he suspected the outcome. At his regular Wednesday Cabinet meeting last week, he wryly told his ministers: "In principle, we will meet again next Wednesday." He taped his final TV appeal, then departed Paris for Colombey, prepared not to come back to the Elysée Palace again if the vote

went against him. Every final poll indicated a defeat, even his own Interior Ministry's private poll. But the number of undecideds was large. It was hard to believe that ultimately De Gaulle would not triumph. All his grand gestures—ending the Algerian war, vetoing the British entry into the Common Market, withdrawing militarily from NATO, refusing to devalue the franc—had been dramatic. So, too, was his defeat.

The Gaullists had prayed for rain on referendum day, believing that the more affluent voters, who tend to be Gaullists, might go away on a sunny weekend rather than vote. The general's followers counted on the women, always Gaullist supporters in heavy numbers, to turn out. They hoped for a heavy turnout, so that the field would not be left to the opposition. The rains came; 53% of the vote was female; the turnout was 80%, equal to the heaviest voting during the 1968 crisis. Still De Gaulle lost, indicating how much he had misjudged the unhappiness, dissatisfaction and mood of his countrymen. At the same time, what De Gaulle's cause lacked was the context of crisis. If Frenchmen had felt themselves in real trouble, they might have rallied to De Gaulle again. Now they were unhappy with De Gaulle and no longer frightened of a future without him.

The polls closed at 8 p.m. in France. The first result in was from the tiny Norman village of Champ de la Pierre, normally a Gaullist stronghold. It was an ominous 22 to 6 against the proposal. However not until 8:31 at the Ministry of Interior, where the votes were being tallied, did the *nons* forge into the lead, as a ministry official announced in a flat voice that the negatives were now some 35,000 ahead, out of some 4.6 million votes cast. From that point, De Gaulle never caught up again and the margin began to widen.

Breaking the News. It was left to Premier Maurice Couve de Murville to break the news. Shortly before 11, his diplomat's face creased with uncharacteristic emotion, he went before the TV cameras. "It is with profound sadness," he said, "that I have learned the result of the vote. It is an event of seriousness that will very soon become apparent to the whole of France and throughout the world. General de Gaulle was at the center of our political and national life, re-establishing peace, restoring the state and ensuring the stability of power."

The Premier was of course correct in his litany of what De Gaulle had wrought for France in the years of the Fifth Republic. So sure was De Gaulle's hand in the Elysée, and his own conviction of style, that it is difficult to recall the pre-Gaullist days when France was in constant turmoil. In a sense, De Gaulle was a victim of his own success. He so restored the confidence and self-assurance of his nation that, finally, it decided that it was ready to go on without him.

The End of The Affair

CHARLES DE GAULLE's lifelong romance with France seemed finally ended. And it was Marianne herself who broke off the affair. De Gaulle always knew that he was dealing with a woman both fickle and domineering. "The emotional side of me," he once wrote, "tends to imagine France, like the princess in the stories or the Madonna in the frescoes, as dedicated to an exalted and exceptional destiny."

France responded to this romantic view of herself in moments of national crisis; then it was comforting to have so impassioned a lover as De Gaulle ready and willing to serve. But eleven years of calls to greatness are too much for a nation, or a woman. De Gaulle had even been warned. During World War II, when France had been humiliatingly crushed in a six-week Nazi blitzkrieg, De Gaulle almost single-handedly kept the idea of France alive. Whenever Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin tried to shape the war without due consideration of France, they were met with De Gaulle's fierce obduracy. At war's end De Gaulle headed the provisional government. But within two years, because of party squabbles, he resigned his post and, hurt but still in love, retired to his rural retreat in Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises.

There he waited twelve long years for France's next summons, and it came in 1958, when he was named Premier as France struggled in the frustration of the Algerian rebellion. In September of that year, De Gaulle's new constitution was approved by nearly 80% of French voters; it radically reshaped France's administration and gave the President vast new powers. He was elected President in the expectation that only he could find a peaceful solution in Algeria. He did, but in a way that outraged French settlers in Algeria and many Frenchmen at home: he offered freedom to the Algerians.

De Gaulle has always seen visions—of France as the leader of a European third force that could be the arbiter between East and West; of himself as a barrier against the Communists and the "conspiracy"—to his mind equally malign—of the Anglo-Americans to dominate Europe. For a surprisingly long time, the Gaullist enterprises worked, at least well enough to keep France satisfied.

His country was indeed sick of the squabbling politicians who had preceded De Gaulle and whom he had wittingly described as the old hacks whose only concern is with "their own little soup pot on their own little fire in their own little corner." The French

took a modest pride in De Gaulle's nuclear *force de frappe*, which presumably gave the nation a voice among the world powers. It even pleased the often xenophobic French that their gold reserves were sufficient to threaten the American dollar. At least the French man in the street relished De Gaulle's blocking of Britain's plaintive attempts to enter the Common Market.

But the trouble with the grandiose is that it commonly neglects day-to-day housekeeping. Over the past year this has proved overwhelmingly true of De Gaulle's personal dominance of the state. While De Gaulle was off on a junket to Rumania French students last May burst into insurrection against the retrograde bureaucracy of the universities. The revolt gained ominous momentum when the labor unions, restive at static wages and rising prices, joined the students. It seemed, during those weeks of the barricades, that De Gaulle might be deposed while absent from the country. In settling the insurrection and the general strike, the government had to accept sizable wage increases; all of this had caused panic among the middle classes, and francs were speedily converted to gold or other currencies—most often West German marks. The fabled gold reserves were depleted in defending the franc.

When he was rejected last week by the France he loved, it looked to some like the case of Athens' Aristides the Just, who was ostracized because Athenians were sick and tired of hearing him called "the Just." To others, it was simply a case of a man who has outlived his usefulness.

De Gaulle acted in character as he took his leave. Like the divorcee of a celebrated and long-established couple, the split between him and his country seemed almost unbelievable. Yet he kept his dignity: he neither accused the nation that rejected him nor accused others of causing the break. Undoubtedly, he would respond if France were ever to call him again. His love of France had always been mixed with a certain high-handed contempt—not only for the politicians but for the voters. Contradictory as always, France liked that high-handedness while at the same time resenting it. The voters who finally repaid him for his arrogance will nonetheless miss his grandeur. No leader of the foreseeable future—in France or elsewhere—will be able to match his stature, his steadfastness, his faith in his destiny, or his harshly demanding way of loving—and leading—a nation.

NORTHERN IRELAND: EDGING TOWARD ANARCHY

THE six Ulster counties that form Northern Ireland shuddered on the edge of civil war last week. Nearly every city and town was divided into two armed camps, as fanatic Protestants and rebellious Catholics faced each other down, ready to do street battle with stones, staves and worse. Skillful saboteurs triggered three explosions that cut Belfast's water supply in half. Post offices and a bus station were set aflame by fire bombs; police stations were stoned. Ten-year-olds trotted home from school with extracurricular instructions for making Molotov cocktails. More than 1,000 British soldiers moved into position throughout Ulster to protect reservoirs, telephone exchanges and power stations. Moderate Prime Minister Captain Terence O'Neill's days in office seemed numbered as extremism mounted. "We are on the brink of bloodshed," former Deputy Prime Minister Brian Faulkner warned. "Perhaps this is our last chance to halt on the brink, before anyone is killed."

The conflict has its origins deep in Irish history, but nearly all the present participants own at least a share of the blame. On one side are the Protestant storm troopers of the Rev. Ian Paisley, who is now serving a six-month prison term for illegal assembly last November. On the other stand the angry Roman Catholics, Ulster's impoverished and politically disenfranchised minority. Aiding them, and drawing most of their support from the Catholics, are the civil rights advocates, who espouse a non-sectarian solution to Ulster's problems. Their banner was carried to the House of Commons in London last week by pint-sized, pugnacious Bernadette Devlin in as memorable an M.P.'s debut as any-

one could remember. Caught squarely in the middle is the government of Captain O'Neill, whose efforts toward reaching compromise and conciliation are considered too little and too late by the Catholics and civil rightists alike—and too much too soon by his increasingly reactionary Unionist Party of entrenched Protestants.

From the Barricades. Since last fall there have been a series of increasingly bitter street battles in Northern Ireland's two major cities, Belfast and Londonderry, and smaller but equally bloody clashes in villages as well. The latest round of strife began in Londonderry, which is Ulster's second largest city, with a population of 56,000, two-thirds Catholic. Youthful civil rights supporters staged a noon sit-down in the city's center, and a band of taunting Paisleyites appeared. When the youths tried to chase away their tormentors, the Paisleyites responded with stones, waving the Union Jack. The police swung into action, charging the civil rightists, flailing away with batons as they tried to force the demonstrators back into a Catholic part of the city known as Bogside.

Bogside, where 5,000 Catholics live, is a squalid slum of crumbling two-story buildings jammed into a valley that was once an enormous swamp. Its poverty-encrusted homes are forever damp, and a veil of smog coats the area. It is a place where the city's mostly Protestant police "do what they like," say sullen residents. This night they did, using batons and water cannons furiously in the narrow streets, as the Bogside fighters fought back ferociously. Bricks ricocheted off buildings or disintegrated shop windows. Petrol bombs bounced and flared in the glass-shard-littered

streets. One crowd attacked a police station and another overturned a police truck and set it afire. Though 290 were wounded in the fray, miraculously no one died.

In the thick of the melee was Bernadette, newly elected M.P. from Ulster, and she went straight from the barricades to her maiden appearance in the House of Commons. Her plane from Belfast was delayed by a bomb scare, and she arrived exhausted but fighting. She landed with the proclamation that she had come "to knock sense into Harold Wilson." The British press had already made her a celebrity, and Westminster was packed, with long waiting lines outside, when Bernadette, in a new, striped blue, mauve and green sweater-dress purchased that morning in Piccadilly, took her seat in the back benches.

Eloquent Litany. New members are not supposed to make serious speeches their first day in Parliament, but in an assembly captivated by her before she ever opened her mouth, no rules applied. Her small peat-bog Irish voice twanged through the great hall as she tartly announced: "There never was born an Englishman who understands the Irish people." She had come, she said, to speak for the poor people, Protestant as well as Catholic, all oppressed by "the society of landlords who, by ancient charter of Charles II, still hold the rights of the ordinary people of Northern Ireland over such things as fishing and as paying the most ridiculous and exorbitant rents, although families have lived for generations on their land." She reported that she had been in Bogside the night of the battle and drew a delighted explosion of laugh-



BERNADETTE MEETS THE LONDON PRESS



BOGSIDE RIOTERS CHARGE LONDONDERRY COPS

ter when she wryly noted that "I organized the civilians in that area to make sure they wasted not one solitary stone in anger."

It was an eloquent, 24-minute litany of Ulster's tangled ills and animosities, and when she sat down, the M.P.s roared their approval, waving their order papers like banners, reaching out to pump her hand wildly or scribbling notes to be passed to her. In a debating chamber not often moved by words, Bernadette's had banged like Bogside paving stones. But the next night, in the privacy of her 22nd-birthday dinner, she was wistful about the loss of her days of innocence as a student protester in blue jeans and bulky sweater. "I believe standing for this Parliament destroyed something in myself. Then why did I do it? The people in Ireland needed a moral victory."

One-Man, One-Vote. That Bernadette had undeniably given the Catholics and civil rightists. But she had offered little in the way of positive solutions. Back in Belfast, O'Neill was trying to defuse the crisis. Calling a Unionist Party caucus, he demanded that the voting franchise be broadened to eliminate property qualifications in local elections. Catholics, generally poorer than Protestants in Ulster, have long agitated for a one-man, one-vote ruling. Now, argued O'Neill, they must be granted it to avoid further bloodshed. By a narrow margin he won the point, but the motion must still go through the entire party mechanism and then Ulster's Parliament, and there is no guarantee that it will pass. If the measure does not, O'Neill says he will resign.

Catholics might well be worse off than before if he does. For all the Catholic criticism of O'Neill, the fact is that he has done his best to alleviate several grievances. He has, for example, worked diligently to make allocation of new housing—a longstanding Catholic grievance—more equitable, and he has pressed hard for the appointment of an ombudsman to investigate complaints against the national government. In Londonderry, the all-Protestant city corporation and rural council were abolished this year in favor of a city council that includes five Protestants and four Catholics. In addition, some of the voting practices that in the past have stacked the odds against Catholics have been discontinued.

Despite O'Neill's efforts, the civil rights faction feels that he has moved too slowly. In London, Bernadette made no secret of her mistrust of O'Neill: "He is not only a political hypocrite, but a particularly poor political hypocrite." The Unionists will never carry out reforms, she said, because the party survives on discrimination and "by introducing the human rights bill, it signs its own death warrant." That, of course, is indeed O'Neill's dilemma in dealing with the reactionaries in his own party—and part and parcel of Northern Ireland's once and present agony.



SHELLED EGYPTIAN BUILDINGS ON THE SUEZ

MIDDLE EAST: THE STORM GATHERS

WAR these days admits of many qualifications, including cold or hot, limited, shooting and phony. In a sense, all applied to the gunfire and shelling that raged between Arabs and Israelis across their so-called cease-fire lines last week. Continuing a duel that has been going on almost daily for three weeks, Egyptian and Israeli artillery traded fire over the Suez Canal. Egyptian army commandos, their faces covered with grease, crossed the canal in rubber rafts, killing three Israeli soldiers in patrol-sized firefights. Roaring into Jordan, retaliating Israeli jets blasted two Egyptian-manned underground radar stations.

In Cairo, the Egyptian government repudiated the cease-fire lines on the grounds that Israel had fortified the east bank of the canal and the world "cannot expect us to observe the cease-fire in the face of such fortifications." The U.S. termed Egypt's step "retrogressive" and, along with Britain, appealed to both sides to respect the truce. United Nations Secretary-General U Thant gloomily said that "the cease-fire has become almost totally ineffective in the Suez Canal sector, and a virtual state of active war now exists there."

Restive Army. The Middle East is now caught up in what can best be described as a demonstrative war, waged more for political and diplomatic effect than for any hope of military gain. To Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser, this arrangement carries the advantage of showing him in action against Israel—a necessity if he is to remain leader of the Arab world. It also boosts morale at home, appeases his restive army and captures some of the glamour hitherto accorded solely to the Palestinian guerrillas. Most important of all, the

shelling continually reminds the diplomats of the U.S., Russia, Britain and France of the urgency that attends the task of agreeing on terms for a Middle East settlement.

The pressure of arms has not brought the Big Four any closer to agreement. Last week they met for the fifth time, and were reportedly unable to even agree on an appeal to both sides to cease firing while the talks continue. When the U.S. suggested such a statement, Russia demurred, contending that Egypt could not be blamed for shelling Israeli fortifications on occupied Egyptian territory.

Ransom in Lives. Big Four disagreement, of course, works to the diplomatic advantage of Israel. It has insisted all along that a lasting peace must be negotiated between the Arabs and Israelis alone, a stand that allows Israel to continue to occupy the conquered Arab lands as long as the Arabs refuse to negotiate. Nasser has so far obliged the Israelis, dismissing the notion of direct negotiation as sitting down at a "table of capitulation."

Israel's Premier Golda Meir admitted last week that "if the Big Four should reach agreement, then Israel is in a bad spot," since that would mean big-power pressures to withdraw from the occupied territories on terms negotiated by others. Yet as Israel celebrated its 21st anniversary as a state last week, what should have been a joyful occasion was overshadowed by a sense of siege, evidence enough that Israel has suffered as much as any other country involved from the post-1967 stalemate.

In the heavily guarded streets of Jerusalem, knots of people gathered every hour on the hour to listen to the latest radio news, with its bulletins of new ca-

sualties. Since the Six-Day War, Israel has lost 700 dead, as many as died in the war itself. At last week's anniversary services, Defense Minister Moshe Dayan grimly reminded Israelis of the ransom in lives that the stalemate is costing them: "Hardly a night passes without battle; tombstone follows tombstone, and we meet every day among fresh graves."

The United Nations has also suffered casualties. Last week a U.N. observer, Irish Captain Joseph Young, was seriously injured by an Egyptian mine. Should the danger increase, U Thant would have to consider pulling out the U.N. observers, leaving no international presence on the cease-fire line—a situation all too reminiscent of the days just before the 1967 war.

anese patrol stopped a group of Al-Fatah commandos a mile from the Israeli border. One guerrilla opened fire, wounding all eight Lebanese.

Orders for the Masses. For breaking the commandos' strict rule against shooting fellow Arabs, the offender was held for trial in a guerrilla court. But the 160,000 Palestinian refugees living in Lebanon felt differently. Near Sidon, 11,000 of them stormed out of their camp, demanding full freedom of action for the fedayeen. They overran police barricades and stoned security forces. The troops fired on the demonstrators, killing three.

The riots rapidly spread to Beirut and every sizable city in Lebanon, growing in numbers and fury with the support of student sympathizers and op-

the unrest. But the only way to accomplish that would be for the new government to endorse freedom of action for the fedayeen, at least in principle, drawing Lebanon inexorably into the conflict with Israel.

Enemy Within. The lesson of Lebanon could not be lost on other Arab leaders, who increasingly have reason to view the fedayeen as an enemy within. When Jordan's King Hussein outlined a six-point peace plan during his visit to Washington three weeks ago, and suggested that it would also be acceptable to the Palestinians, five fedayeen groups issued a joint statement in Beirut repudiating every point.

The commandos are probably too strong for Hussein to bring them under control. But neighboring Iraq has restricted their actions within its borders, and both Iraq and Egypt have formed their own commando groups to take the play for popular support away from the Palestinians. Egypt's Nasser has also gone so far as to deport some commandos to Jordan.

Increasingly Important. The crack-down is partially a result of Soviet pressure. Concerned about the possibility of the commandos' touching off another war, Russia has in recent weeks passed word to its Arab client states that no more Soviet weapons earmarked for their armies are to be passed along to the fedayeen. When the Palestine Liberation Organization publicly complained that "the Soviet Union persists in ignoring the rights of the Palestinians," Moscow's *Sovetskaya Rossiya* hauled out one of its strongest epithets, labeling them Trotskyites. For good measure, it added that their aim of "the liquidation of Israel is not realistic."

Whatever long-run effect the Soviet pressure may have on Arab governments, it has dented neither the belligerence nor the armory of the fedayeen. One reason is that they have another source of guns, mines and ammunition from an increasingly important friend: China. Peking is taking full advantage of the opportunity to make trouble simultaneously for both the U.S. and Russia in the Middle East.

WEST GERMANY

Shifting the Guilt

Germans call it *die unbewältigte Vergangenheit*—the undigested past. By that, they mean the national burden of collective guilt from the Hitler years, which saw Germany start the largest war and commit the most heinous systematic crimes, including the annihilation of 6,000,000 Jews, that ever scarred the history of a civilized nation. Yet in recent years, many Germans, especially those who grew up since the war, have felt that the whole country was unjustly saddled with the burden of crimes committed by only a part of the population. As Foreign Minister Willy Brandt put it: "Twenty years is enough."

Last week the West German government refused to allow the yet un-



ARAFAT (LEFT) & NASSER
How much freedom of action?

A Lesson in Lebanon

Any settlement in the Middle East depends as much on the Palestinian fedayeen commandos as on the Arab countries and Israel. Operating virtually as a separate state within the Arab lands, the fedayeen are powerful and popular enough to threaten any Arab leader inclined toward peace with Israel with the specter of popular revolt. Last week the point was driven home to Arabs everywhere by a violent show of Palestinian power that brought about the fall of the government of tiny Lebanon.

Anxious to avoid Israel's wrath, Lebanon had long tried to keep the fedayeen from staging raids across its mountainous southeastern border. The 15,000-man Lebanese army proved incapable of the task. It settled for insisting that the guerrillas not carry arms in Lebanon—which often meant the army carried their weapons for them. Two weeks ago, even that slight restraint was brushed aside when an eight-man Leb-

anese patrol stopped a group of Al-Fatah commandos a mile from the Israeli border. One guerrilla opened fire, wounding all eight Lebanese. For breaking the commandos' strict rule against shooting fellow Arabs, the offender was held for trial in a guerrilla court. But the 160,000 Palestinian refugees living in Lebanon felt differently. Near Sidon, 11,000 of them stormed out of their camp, demanding full freedom of action for the fedayeen. They overran police barricades and stoned security forces. The troops fired on the demonstrators, killing three. The riots rapidly spread to Beirut and every sizable city in Lebanon, growing in numbers and fury with the support of student sympathizers and op-

position political parties. Premier Rashid Karami vainly pleaded by telephone with Fatah Commander Yasser Arafat in Amman, asking him to appeal to the demonstrators to stop. Arafat refused, on the grounds that they were not under his orders. Meanwhile, the Cairo-based *Voice of Al-Fatah* was broadcasting instructions that urged "the Arab masses" to prevent Lebanese "counter-revolutionary forces" from "stabbing the revolution in the back."

Karami decreed a state of emergency, and the army slapped a curfew on seven Lebanese cities where disturbances had occurred. The casualty toll rose to 17 dead and 150 wounded as demonstrations broke out anew, and both pro- and anti-fedayeen forces pressed the Premier to take a stand. "The government can not take any side without splitting the country," said Karami, abruptly submitting his resignation. That presented President Charles Helou with the task of finding someone to form a government of "national unity" to end

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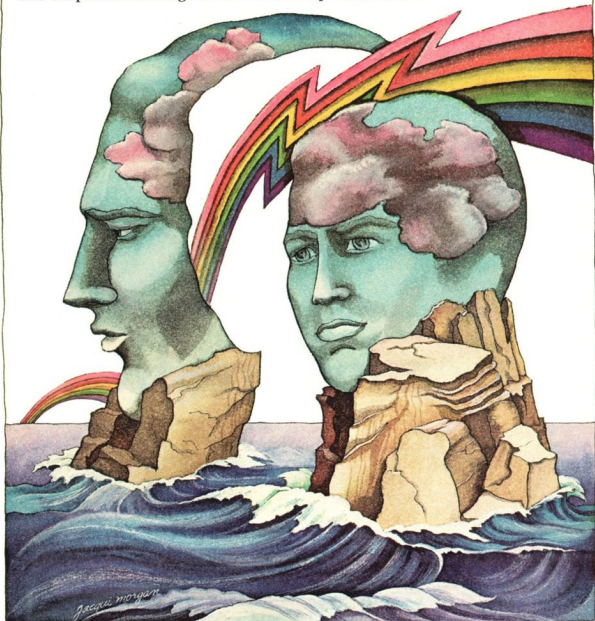
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SPAIN

The Man Upstairs

punished Nazis to go scot free and thus continue to taint the entire German people by their presence. After a tense ten-hour debate, the Grand Coalition Cabinet of Christian Democrats and Socialists decided with only one dissenting vote, to abolish the statute of limitations on murder. Otherwise, the statute would have gone into effect on Dec. 31 and would have rendered war criminals immune to future prosecution.

Political Failure. By its action, the Cabinet hoped to transfer the guilt to the men and women who actually committed the crimes. "The main problem," explained Justice Minister Horst Ehmke, "is freeing our people from its spiritual complex." Though the Germans had failed politically in the 1930s and '40s by allowing a "crew of murderers" to gain rule of the country, Ehmke argued, political failure should not imply national complicity in the crimes of the Nazis. "But," he warned, "this process of acquitting our people can only be successful when the murderers within our people are brought to justice."

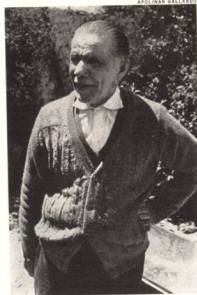
War crime trials have been going on in West Germany since 1945. In the immediate postwar period, Allied tribunals sentenced the surviving Nazi leaders to death or long prison terms. Then the responsibility for the trials passed to West German courts, which have sometimes handed down lenient jail sentences that have outraged foreign opinion. By 1968, 6,192 war criminals had been convicted in West Germany. Another 16,000 to 18,000 alleged war criminals either await trial or are under investigation. Many might have escaped prosecution altogether if the statute of limitations had been allowed to stand. In addition, there are an estimated 17,000 undetected war criminals still at large in West Germany.

No Distinction. The main debate in the Cabinet centered on the issue of who in the future should be regarded as a war criminal. Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger argued that "our job is to bring to justice the mass murderer, the beast in human form." Most of his Christian Democrat ministers favored excluding from the war crime category those Germans whose offenses were relatively small and who had only been following orders. But the Social Democrats held that it was impossible to make such a distinction and their view prevailed. In fact, the Cabinet agreed to remove the statute of limitations from all forms of violent murder, including killings committed by civilians in peacetime.

The bill will now go to the Bundestag, the upper house, where it probably will have swift passage. In the Bundestag, there may be some opposition from the Bavarian affiliates of the Christian Democrats, one of whose ministers cast the sole *nein* vote in the Cabinet session. But the majority of the Bundestag seemed prepared to endorse the Grand Coalition's plan to shift the guilt in Germany more specifically upon the shoulders of those who actually committed the crimes.

When solicitous old friends asked Manuel Cortés Quero, 63, how he was feeling, he replied: "These shoes are killing me." With good reason. For the past 30 years Cortés has been shoeless, padding around in carpet slippers in an upstairs room of his house in Mijas, above the seaport of Málaga. His self-imposed imprisonment ended last week when Generalissimo Francisco Franco ordered an amnesty for all survivors of the losing Republican side in the Spanish Civil War of three decades ago.

Cortés had not only served on the Republican side but, even worse, had before the war been elected mayor of the Andalusian village of Mijas, running



EX-REPUBLICAN CORTÉS
Peace at last.

on the ticket of the moderate Socialist Workers party. When the army revolted against the republic, bloodletting took place in rural Mijas in retaliation. Recalling those events, Cortés says now: "I had no forces of order at my disposal. I was helpless to stop them. But they were not crimes by the people here. Others came from the outside."

Walled Up. When the war ended in 1939, the Republican units disintegrated. Thousands of ex-soldiers, fearful of the victors' vengeance, fled across the French border. Cortés found himself in Valencia, far from the safety of any international border. Besides, his wife Juliana and his infant daughter Maria were back in Mijas. Then Cortés was, in a sense, paroled by the victorious Falangists: he was given a railway ticket and told to return to Mijas, there to report to an office that was judging local Republicans.

Cortés made his way back to his village by night, circling through outlying fields until he was directly above Mijas,

which clings to a clifflike promontory above the Mediterranean. He moved cautiously past his neighbors' shuttered houses and knocked softly at his father's door. Juliana and the baby were quickly sent for, but his wife was dismayed by Manuel's reluctant decision to follow orders and turn himself in. "Don't go," she said. "Don't even think about it. They'll kill you."

Cortés spent the next two years virtually walled up in his father's house—hidden in a hollow space of 3 ft. by 6 ft., originally intended as a cupboard. "Sometimes I would come out at night," he says, "but the house was often searched in those days." Then, in 1941, the landlord told the family that they must leave the house and find another. They managed to find one with a conveniently similar wall cupboard elsewhere in the town, and Cortés made the move by night, dressed in women's clothes, his head shawled. The same ruse was successfully adopted ten years later, when the family moved to their present home in Mijas.

Warm Abrazos. There, Cortés was hidden in an upper room, small, bare—containing only a bed, a chair, an electric heater, a radio and a single picture of Jesus Christ. Though the years stretched out in a monotony of sameness, there was always the fear of detection. With his father now dead, Cortés realized that each pack of cigarettes, each shirt his wife bought could give them away. Juliana became a peddler and would go down to Málaga to sell Mijas' hemp products and to buy miscellaneous goods and clothes for resale in Mijas, so that an extra shirt or trousers caused no comment. In fact, when local searches for Cortés failed, the police believed that he was hiding out in Málaga and that Juliana's journeys were a pretext to see him. Entirely unknown to her, she was followed by plainclothes men in the years after the war.

His wife's job created a job for Cortés. Hidden as he was, he could at last make himself useful, tying strips of esparto grass into bundles that Juliana sold for home weaving. Once he took sick with violent stomach cramps. He described the pain in detail to Juliana, "until she could feel it herself." She then went to the local doctor, told him about the pain as if it were her own and brought the medicine prescribed home to her husband.

Freedom after 30 years has had an understandably numbing effect on Cortés. He seems strangely unaffected by both the warm *abrazos* of old friends who had thought him dead, and by the shiny new skyscrapers of Málaga, the neon lights and the blaring sock-it-to-'em jukeboxes. What he likes best of all is to slip off the uncomfortable shoes as he takes the sun in the tiny inner patio prohibited to him for so many years. Sitting there, at peace with himself and the world, Cortés says: "At last, for me, the war is over."

VENEZUELA

Man of El Cambio

On his fourth try for the presidency of Venezuela last December, Rafael Caldera summed up his platform in a ringing slogan, *el cambio*—change. A sufficient number of Venezuelans found the proposition appealing enough to make Caldera the first opposition leader to win power democratically in his country's 148-year history, though his plurality was a thin .8% of the vote. Despite the narrowness of his victory, and after only seven weeks on the job, Caldera has already made a notable start toward fulfilling his promise of *el cambio*.

Open Roads. As an avowed believer in "dialogue, with a little good will," Caldera immediately set out to make peace with Venezuela's guerrillas, who have waged an intermittent, often deadly terror campaign against the Caracas government since 1962. Offering the guerrillas a political alternative to violence, he legalized the Communist Party, which under a different label had run a slate in the election anyway, polling a minuscule 103,000 votes. He also freed a score of political prisoners, including top Communist leaders, curbed the strong-arm political police, and promised amnesty to all guerrillas who would lay down their arms.

The guerrillas' response so far has been promising, if still wary. They number only 200 to 300 in three main bands, and have no cause to hate Cal-

dera as they hated the previous regime, which cracked down hard on leftist dissidents. Guerrilla leaders are weighing an offer of mediation by José Humberto Cardinal Quintero, and a dialogue of sorts is under way. When a Cabinet member, in a gesture to the leader of the oldest and largest band, promised that "the government's doors are open to Douglas Bravo, and if necessary, to Fidel Castro," Bravo's chief lieutenant cordially replied: "The mountain roads are open to President Caldera, and even Nixon."

Venezuelans are not surprised by Caldera's confident beginning, since he entered the presidency better prepared than any other predecessor—a preparation that included a spell in a previous coalition Cabinet. Caldera, 53, is an immensely capable lawyer with a puritan dedication to work and a manifest sincerity that compensates for an apparent lack of warmth and humor in public. Acutely conscious of public relations, he holds weekly televised press conferences, and, taking a cue from Richard Nixon, introduced his Cabinet to the voters by TV.

Immediately after his election, rumors filled Caracas of an impending army coup to restore the defeated *Acción Democrática* party to power. Instead, Caldera has asserted control over the army. He appointed new and loyal commanders to key units, and boldly passed over senior pro-*Acción* officers to pick his Defense Minister. When the army's top gen-

eral, Pablo Antonio Flores, openly grumbled, Caldera abruptly removed him from active service and now plans to send him into what Latin Americans call "golden exile" as ambassador to a Central American country.

Policy for 1983. Extending his mandate for change to foreign affairs, Caldera has reversed Venezuela's policy of severing relations with any country taken over by a coup. That procedure had the net effect, of course, of increasing isolation for Venezuela as the military seized power in more and more Latin American countries. Caldera's government has now recognized Peru, Panama and, last week, Argentina, all three ruled by military regimes. He has also speeded talks, initiated by the previous government, on opening diplomatic relations with Russia, which he sees as a possible new market for oil.

Venezuela now sells 42% of its oil to the U.S., and is deeply worried about any change in Washington's policy that might slice into that vital export. Last week Caldera formed a National Committee for the Defense of Oil, backed by all parties, to press for a larger share of the U.S. market. All parties are similarly agreed on pursuing oil exploration in the future by means of service contracts with foreign companies instead of exclusive drilling concessions. What happens when the present concessions begin to run out in 1983 is a different matter, but the opposition cannot fault Caldera for failing to look ahead. He has called for a "national dialogue" on oil policy so that the companies too can plan ahead.

What Caldera cannot change until the next election is his position in Congress, where his Christian Democratic COPEI party won only a minority of the seats in both houses. To govern at all, he has put together an incongruous coalition composed of a left-leaning splinter party, a centrist group and, embarrassingly, right-wing forces elected under the banner of ex-Dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez. But Venezuelans have so enthusiastically applauded Caldera's program of change that he now has a far broader mandate than the electoral returns reflected.

THE WAR

And Now a Vroom

Snarling engines. Dark goggles. Billowing dust. Hell's Angels in California? No, Viet Nam, where the U.S. military, never tiring in its search for methods to find an elusive enemy, has just added the motorcycle to the hunter's inventory that has, at one time or other, included such exotica as people-sniffing bedbugs, infra-red photography and side-looking radar.

Virtually every day for the past month, one reconnaissance platoon from the U.S. 25th Division has been taking to the countryside near the Cambodian border in a configuration highly unusual for the U.S. Army: four scouts tooling 175cc Hondas, followed by three



After more than three weeks of secret sessions in Peking, China's Communist Party last week wound up its Ninth Congress. Chairman Mao Tse-tung's Thought was officially enshrined as the national gospel in a new party constitution that was adopted. Defense Minister Lin Piao was formally designated heir to Mao. This picture shows

Mao casting the first ballot to elect a new Central Committee, in which the military were strongly represented. Waiting to vote in strict pecking order of their present ranking in the Peking hierarchy are Lin Piao, Premier Chou En-lai, Cultural Revolution Chief Chen Po-to, Ideologue Kang Sheng, and Mao's wife, Chiang Ching.



"NAM'S ANGELS" ON PATROL
Flak jackets instead of leather gear.

machine-gun-mounting vehicles to provide cover. The scouts' job is to spot Communist troop concentrations and supply caches, using their wheels to cover more ground than foot-slogging infantrymen can. Says one of the riders, SP4 James G. Tomusho, of Lorain, Ohio: "It sure beats walking in the sun on a hot day."

They call themselves "Nam's Angels,"* but aside from one swastika that appeared on a crash helmet (it was ordered rubbed off), there is little of the Hell's Angel type in the four young soldiers. Their helmets are camouflaged, they carry .45s, and instead of leather gear, they wear flak jackets and fatigues. "Back in the world," as they refer to the U.S., they all grew up around engines, and Viet Nam has never seemed so like home.

They are not satisfied, however, with their Hondas, which are underpowered for the workout they get on a patrol through the boondocks. "If we had a Harley motor in a frame like this," says Tomusho, "we'd really have something." The foursome would prefer tough scramblers, "with big drive sprockets, knobby wheels—and more vroom." Maintenance is also a problem because of the dust, and spare parts have to be bought in local Vietnamese shops; the U.S. Army does not stock them—yet.

Intelligence collected by the motorcycle scouts has led to several U.S. operations: recently they discovered a cache containing 27 rockets. Since the Communists have yet to shoot at them (though startled government soldiers did once by mistake), the cyclists' biggest complaint to date is entirely unilitary. The job, they say, is too hard on the seats of their pants.

* "Nam" or "The Nam" is widely used by U.S. troops to refer to Viet Nam.

SOUTH KOREA

No War, No Peace

Sprawling beneath the new two-story observation tower atop North Mountain, the South Korean capital of Seoul throbs in the midst of a boom that can be seen as well as heard. Skeletons of new office buildings and hotels cross-hatch the horizons, schools are going up, black factory smoke fouls the air and a new four-lane expressway slashes through the heart of the city. Restaurants and bars are jammed with cheerful, garlic-reeking patrons. Mini-skirts and bell-bottoms are part of the scene at O.B.'s Cabin, where Seoul's students listen to guitar-plucking folk singers.

The view from North Mountain is optimistic—until the visitor spots the signs warning: "Photography Prohibited." The reason? The mountain's northern slopes, facing the Demilitarized Zone 25 miles away, are pockmarked with carefully camouflaged bunkers and lookout posts. Should the North Koreans break through at the border once more as they did in 1950, North Mountain would be part of Seoul's last line of defense.

Missiles in the Hills. North to the DMZ, the roads are dotted by a series of heavily guarded military checkpoints. In the surrounding hills, thousands of troops are emplaced to block the traditional north-south invasion route. Along the 151-mile-long DMZ itself, more than 300,000 U.S., South Korean and allied troops stand guard, backed by a layer of Hawk and Nike Hercules antiaircraft missiles.

The 18-mile-long sector held by troops of the U.S. 2nd (Indianhead) Division lies athwart the probable path of any infantry thrust at Seoul. "There they are, right in the way if the bastards decide to come on over," says an American colonel at the headquarters of the U.S.-U.N. military mission. "Once something starts, we are at war. We will have no time to ask whether we want to be in this war at this time, because American troops are going to be fighting for their lives." It has been argued that the G.I.s should be replaced by South Korean troops, but Colonel Wallace Magathan, deputy commander of the 2nd Division, says that the presence of American troops on the DMZ underscores the American commitment to South Korean security. "We're still not in a state of peace," he adds.

Guerrilla Threat. South Koreans are just as aware of that unhappy fact. North Korea's armed forces of 345,000 men are well trained and well armed. Constant attempts to infiltrate are made through the DMZ and along the coastline, both to terrorize the populace and to try to set off a guerrilla war in the south. In reply, South Korea maintains an armed force of 600,000, the world's fifth largest. Despite Seoul's complaints that its U.S.-supplied weapons are becoming increasingly outmoded, there is no doubt about the army's fighting spirit: the two ROK divisions in Viet Nam

have compiled an impressive record. The army is backed up by the 2,500,000-man Homeland Reserve Force, formed last year and composed of army veterans who undergo intensive drills at least twice a week at their factories or offices. With the national police, the reserves share primary responsibility for the defense of villages, towns and cities. Because rifles and carbines are in short supply, however, more than half the reserves drill with wooden guns.

Despite military pressures, South Korea is booming. The gross national product spurred ahead by 13.1% last year. Exports totaled \$455 million, compared with \$33 million in 1960, and the 1971 target is \$1 billion.

The Real Targets. Strong, prospering and politically stable under the government of President Chung Hee Park, South Koreans nonetheless worry about national morale. North Korea's downing of the U.S. EC-121 electronic intelligence plane two weeks ago set off cries for quick retaliation. Kim Chai Soon, spokesman for the ruling Democratic Republican Party, says that "the U.S. should have at least bombed the North Korean air base from which the MIGs took off to attack the plane."

That is a sentiment most South Koreans share. They know that what really animates North Korea's hatred of the U.S. is the American defense of South Korea, and that they are the real targets of Pyongyang's aggression. Any military humiliation of the U.S. is a humiliation of South Korea as well—and could, if repeated often enough, eventually undermine the government's credibility with South Korea's peasants.



G. I. AT KOREAN TRUCE LINE
Boom with a view.

PEOPLE

As he alighted from a commercial airliner at El Toro Marine Air Station, Calif., the major's first words were, "I can hardly wait to see that baby of mine." The major was **Charles Robb**, just returned from a 13-month tour in Viet Nam and eager to join Wife **Lynda Bird** and six-month-old **Lucinda Desha**, whom he had never seen. Wearing an undecorated khaki uniform, Robb agreeably deflected newsmen's questions about his plans. "I've been ducking ambushes in Viet Nam for 13 months," he said, "and now you have to ambush me here." The surprise attacks are probably over; Robb will soon report to his new post in Washington, D.C., as a Marine officer recruiter.

It read like a scene from *The Loves of Isadora*. **Vanessa Redgrave** soared into London last week with her latest companion, Italian Star **Franco Nero**, and breezily admitted that they are expecting a child next September. "I doubt very much if we shall get married," said the star, adding, "I don't think marriage would make me a very nice person to live with" (her marriage to Director **Tony Richardson** ended in divorce in 1967). Well, then, will the prospective parents be sharing a household? "Oh, we don't live together," replied the doting mother of two. "I live in London with Tony's and my children."

"He's a fabulous young man, a very fine young man." Thus did Mrs. John Slocum, a Newport and Washington, D.C., socialite and a direct descendant of Rhode Island Founder **Roger Williams**, describe her future son-in-law, **Adam Clayton Powell III**, a direct descendant of the high-rolling Harlem Congressman. The bride-to-be is Daughter **Beryl**, 26, a Radcliffe grad and freelance writer

whose paternal family tree is rooted in *Mayflower* timber (her career-diplomat father is descended from **Miles Standish**). **Beryl** said that she and **Adam**, 22, a producer in CBS-TV's news department in Manhattan, will be married this month at St. Mary's Chapel in the Washington Cathedral. If her assessment of her fiancé is correct, young **Adam** is a different breed of cat from his flamboyant father. "Adam," said **Beryl**, "is very, very publicity-shy."

As the only Nazi prisoner left in West Berlin's forbidding Spandau Prison, **Rudolf Hess** marked his 75th birthday in grim solitude. There were no gifts, not even from his wife and son, whom he has refused to see during his 22-year incarceration at Spandau because, in his twisted mind, he believes it improper for them to see him in prison. So Hess spent a typical day, walking alone in the garden and feeding the few birds that alight there. Had history taken a different turn, he might have enjoyed the company of another birthday celebrator. **Adolf Hitler** would have been 80 last week.

Ever since the cast was thrust into the world's spotlight, the show has been plagued by such petty jealousies and pungent recriminations that it might better be called *One NASA Family*. The latest flap came with the space agency's announcement last week that Public Affairs Officer **Paul Haney**, the calm, canorous "Voice of Apollo," has been ordered to a lesser post in Washington after six years at Houston's Manned Spaceflight Center. The word was that some NASA officials thought that he had become too impressed with himself. **Haney**, who wanted to be on hand for the first lunar landing, was outraged: "This is like being kicked out of the game on the two-yard line after coming 98 yards down the field." With that, **Haney** sidlined himself by resigning from NASA.

Hello. Is this the Massachusetts Governor's office? I'd like to speak to Francis Sargent, please. This is the FBI.

That's right. Federal. Bureau. Of. Investigation. Good evening, Governor. Awfully sorry to disturb you, but we're running a security check. The President has appointed an acquaintance of yours to make a study of Latin American affairs. Well, we wondered if you could vouch for this man's character. I mean, does he drink a lot, would you buy a used car from him—that sort of thing? After all, when it comes to national security, one can't be too careful. So anyway, Governor, do you think this person is a good risk? His name? Oh, yes. **Nelson Rockefeller**.

Managing a bright mien despite a strep throat, **Tricia Nixon** arrived in Norfolk, Va., last week to be crowned Queen of the annual Azalea Festival. Tiny **Tricia** (she's working at bringing her weight up to 100 lbs.) went through an exhausting round of receptions and luncheons in a series of winsome minidresses, then gave the town fathers and mothers a mild shock by showing up for the coronation in her own gown instead of the one provided by the city. There to bestow the crown was her proud father, who stole a few hours away from the White House to fly down for the festival. **Tricia** also had something of a surprise in store for him: she revealed that her first official White House party will be a masked ball, because, "it hasn't been done before."

She bounces onto the stage, pastes on her pretty Barbie-doll smile, and ingeniously asks: "Is it sock-it-to-me time yet?" The answer, of course, is a pail of water in the chops, the staple gag of **Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In** that has made **Judy Carne** the soggiest show girl since **Esther Williams**. Now, after two years of the routine, **Judy's** enthusiasm has dampened. In London to film *All the Right Noises*, she allowed that next season might be her last with the bucket brigade. "I'm fed up with the sock-it-to-me tag," she said. "The other day I walked into a restaurant, and someone threw a hunk of bread at me and shouted, 'I'll sock it to you, all right!'"



CHUCK, LUCINDA & LYNDA BIRD
Back from Viet Nam.



BERYL & ADAM
Back to the Mayflower.

These diamonds you know are diamonds.

The Kohinoor Diamond has been mentioned in Indian legends for a thousand years.

After it was taken from the Rajah of Malwah in the 14th century, dozens of its owners were killed or assassinated.

When the Nadir Shah first saw it in 1739, he cried out "Kohinoor!" (mountain of light). The name stuck. Queen Victoria received it in 1850, had it cut down to its present 109 carats, and set in the crown of state.

Hardly what you'd call a chip.

The Hope Diamond is steely-blue and weighs 44½ carats. It's thought to be a recut of the huge "Tavernier Blue" that disappeared from Louis XVI's possession in the revolution of 1792.

Sir Thomas Hope bought it 28 years later, in 1830. Ill fate plagued its owners until American dealer Harry Winston acquired it and presented it to the Smithsonian Institution in 1958.

The Star of Africa is perfectly clear-white, weighs 530 carats, and is the world's largest diamond.

It's set in the scepter of the English sovereign and kept in the Tower of London.

The egg-shaped stone was cut from the 3,106-carat Cullinan Diamond found in Africa in 1905. Not exactly a chip either.

The Bulova Diamond has one thing in common with the other four.

It is a real diamond. Many of the diamonds used on so-called "diamond watches" are only chips.

(A stone with less than 17 facets is only a chip, no matter what you call it.) Bulova never uses chips. Never. Every Bulova diamond has at least 17 facets. And sometimes a lot more. **Bulova**

The Orloff Diamond weighs 200 carats and was once an eye in the huge statue of Brahma in the temple of Trichinopoly in Mysore, India. It was stolen by a French soldier disguised as a worshipper.

He sold it to an English sea captain who sold it to a London dealer. Prince Orloff of Russia finally bought it for the Empress Catherine who had it set in Russia's royal scepter, where it can still be found.

He's tearing down
New York's crime rate.





Crime grows on ignorance and poverty. Crime grows on frustrated dreams and hopes.

Crime grows in slums.

It's one of the most critical problems facing American cities. And it's growing worse. By 1975, when our population reaches 235 million, 30 million people will live in slums.

Then what will the crime rate be?

Crime is but the visible sign of the cancer growing in our midst. It is a symptom, not the cause, of the unrest seething in our crowded, decaying cities. Unless we provide a creative environment for people to live in, our cities are doomed. And so are the hopes of the people crowded within them.

Today, 591 American cities have picked up the challenge. Rugged machines like this track-type loader are tearing out the rot, preparing sites for new neighborhoods. Building a new life. But progress is slow. Much remains to be done.

Urban renewal isn't, of course, the only answer to a growing crime rate. But it does lie at the heart of the problem. For as living conditions are improved, the crime rate will wane. Just compare suburban crime rates with urban rates.

There's a job to do. In your city. We can do it. We must do it. All of America will be richer for it.

We can make the world a better place to grow up in. Caterpillar machines will help.



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Ever wonder who buys them?



We did, too.

So we did some checking, and surprise! There were very few surprises.



People with 2.3 children

It came as no shock to find that an overwhelming number of people bought VW Station Wagons because they wanted a wagon that carried a lot and that was cheap to run.

But it was a surprise to learn that people really aren't taking advantage of the VW Station Wagon's enormous size.

The VW holds about 2/3 more than regular wagons: almost a ton. (The VW can hold up to 7 kids with no trouble at all.)

Yet the average family that buys one has only 2.3 children. (Maybe they all have big plans and aren't talking.)

Sometimes, all the extra space turns into a problem. "Once in a while I have to borrow somebody else's wagon," a man complained. "Because everybody else keeps borrowing my VW."

38% of the VW owners have no

other car, so the VW Station Wagon gets used for all their driving.

The other 62% own more than one car, but 94% use the VW for most of their driving anyway.

"It's more fun," is the usual reason.

We were fascinated to find that some people (9%) own a great big conventional station wagon in addition to the VW. "I use the big one when I don't have too much to carry," a lady muttered.

There is also an astonishing number (18%) who drive both a Volkswagen Station Wagon and a Volkswagen Sedan.

"Why?" we asked.

"Why not?" we were answered.



62% are 2 or more car people



38% are 1 car people

The average income of our owners is a little over \$300 a week.

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So the VW is very democratic. The rich man saves as much money on gas, oil, tires and antifreeze as the poor man.

Volkswagen Station Wagon owners

are pretty well educated: 6 out of 10 went to college and 4 out of 10 were graduated. (Which doesn't prove much, except that you don't have to be absolutely crazy to buy one.)



6 out of 10 are college people

We seem to have a high number of doctors, lawyers, teachers, foremen, etc.

And they seem to be quite young: 37% of the owners are under 35.

Something that pleased us is that 79% bought the VW Station Wagon because we have a reputation for making a good product. (40%, in fact, didn't even consider buying anything else.)

On the other hand, it displeased us that not even 1% bought it because they thought it had good traction in mud and snow. (Evidently, nobody pays much attention to what we say in our ads.)

All in all, we were happy to learn that VW Station Wagon owners are such nice, sober, industrious citizens.

They think of their wagons (and themselves) as something special.

And they keep them for a long time because they hold up and stay in style.

(A VW Station Wagon always looks exactly as preposterous as the day you drove it home.)

100% of the people who own Volkswagen Station Wagons couldn't care less.



EDUCATION

The Dialectic of Demonstration

DAY after day the campus spectacle repeats itself: professors and deans evicted or held hostage, windows shattered, students struggling with police, offices rifled, even rifles carried by grim militants. The protesters talk, preach or scream about the university's Government connections, the percentage of black students, faculty selection, admission policies. These are surely significant questions, but all too often they are forgotten in the dialectic of demonstration. What starts in many instances as the "politics of conscience" bypasses the political process and anesthetizes conscience.

Familiar Trap. At Cornell last week, protesters armed themselves for "self-protection" and caused a grave crisis (see following story). Arsonists of unknown affiliation harassed New York University and Columbia. Harvard was still uneasy. There was a "mill-in" at one building, and neo-Luddite members of the Students for a Democratic Society destroyed an architect's model of projected university buildings because they oppose Harvard's expansion plans.

At the predominantly Negro Atlanta University Center, 100 students held 22 trustees prisoner for 29 hours until the trustees agreed, among other things, to amnesty for their captors. President Buell Gallagher of New York's City College found himself in the familiar dilemma between repression and submission when a couple of hundred students locked the gates. He chose to close the school to its 20,000 students while negotiating with the rebels. Other schools under varying degrees of siege last week included Princeton, Fordham, Tulane, Dartmouth, Howard and Hampton Institute in Virginia.

Conflict is seeping downward in the educational system. In Norfolk, Va., 300 students of the predominantly Negro Booker T. Washington High School walked out in protest over the dismissal of a football coach and next fall's football schedule, which does not include any conference games against white schools. New Rochelle High School, near New York City, was forced to close after a disruption over the stationing of a policeman at the school because of previous trouble. Vandalism, violence and vituperative dissent on a broad variety of issues shut down four New York City high schools last week and caused upheavals in others. Will kindergarten be the last bastion of adult authority?

Psychology Professor Kenneth Clark of New York's City College, a Negro and no stranger to protest movements,

is sympathetic to some of the rebels' views. "Our major educational institutions," he said last week, "have not delivered the services to humanity that could be reasonably expected of them." Yet Clark, like Harvard President Nathan Pusey, argued that the extreme forms of dissent now in vogue "have as their goal destruction of institutions." Said he: "All forms of tyranny are introduced under the guise of moral indignation and are justified by some higher moral ends."

Poet Archibald MacLeish admits that there are incidents of "student hoo-



ANTI-RACIAL IN ACTION AT HARVARD
From morality to tyranny.

liganism, student Hitlerism" in the campus insurrections. But in a philosophic inquiry last week, he raised the crucial question of why today's undergraduates are so much more tolerant of the radical, activist minority among them than previous student generations were. MacLeish suggests that students generally are in revolt against "the world of the diminished man," that they are humanists disgusted with a society which they view as having failed the individual in far too many ways.

Riddled with Danger. That analysis is essentially a hopeful one. It foresees a maturing generation with a deep commitment to idealism and reform. But for now, disruption and dissent are riddled with danger. As the protest movements become more and more irrational, they can only stimulate a latent streak of antipathy toward things academic that has been largely quiescent in the U.S. since Joe McCarthy's heyday in

the 1950s. Punitive statutes have already been enacted by some state legislatures, and several bills to penalize campus militants are before Congress. State-supported schools face the threat of a taxpayer backlash that might stringently reduce funds and curb academic freedom. Riot-ridden private institutions are in danger of losing the support of alumni. If the public becomes seriously angered at the universities, the nation at large will be in more serious trouble than ever.

The Agony of Cornell

It was Parents' Weekend at Cornell University, where 2,000 visitors would soon hear President James A. Perkins give a timely speech entitled "The Stability of the University." He never gave it. Shortly before 6 a.m. on Saturday, 120 black students seized Willard Straight Hall—the first crisis in a week of chaos that almost destroyed Cornell and deeply alarmed universities throughout the U.S.

Shouting "Fire!" at the top of their lungs, the black guerrillas swept through Straight Hall, Cornell's student union, rousing 30 frightened parents from their beds and sending both them and 40 employees into the chill morning air. While some blacks guarded the entrances with fire hoses, others barged into the campus radio station, grabbed a microphone and proclaimed the seizure as a protest against Cornell's "racist attitudes."

Countermeasures. Rushing to the blacks' support, white members of Students for a Democratic Society set up a picket line outside the building. University officials tried to negotiate with the blacks, but were firmly turned away. Determined to recapture "The Straight," 20 whites, most of them from Delta Upsilon fraternity, whose membership is entirely Caucasian, smashed through a window and scuffled with the blacks. They were beaten back.

By nightfall, rumor had it that eight carloads of armed fraternity men were about to hit the hall. Negro Graduate Student Harry Edwards, organizer of last year's Olympic boycott, advised the blacks to take defensive countermeasures. In the dark, they smuggled in a small arsenal of rifles, shotguns and knives. Next day Cornell was treated to the Castroite spectacle of armed students, draped with ammo belts, marching defiantly out of their stronghold.

How did it happen? Ironically, Cornell had been recruiting ghetto blacks since 1965—and soon found itself faced with mounting Negro militancy as a result. At first, Perkins' administration yielded to many of their demands. It gave blacks a house for an Afro-American Center, set up a private dormitory for Negro coeds, and planned a black studies curriculum. A Quaker and champion of liberal causes, Perkins even let two blacks fly to New York in the university's plane to buy bongo drums for last year's Malcolm X Day ceremonies. But he rejected the major Negro de-

mand: that the program of Afro-American studies be made into a separate college entirely run by blacks. As he saw it, Cornell would no longer be a true university if its trustees and faculty surrendered such control to students.

Repeated Taunts. Although the blacks number only 250 students out of Cornell's enrollment of 13,500, they responded with relentless agitation and tactical skill. Last December seven Negroes rampaged through the administration building, where they brandished toy pistols and overturned vending machines. The demonstrators were immediately called before a student-faculty disciplinary committee. But they refused to appear on the ground that Cornell could hardly act as an impartial judge

bloodshed, Perkins decided he had only one recourse. He gave in to the black militants' demands for a general amnesty—for the December demonstrators as well as those holed up in the student union. Proudly holding up their guns, the blacks marched out of the student union and ended their siege after 34 hours. Visibly relieved, Perkins commented: "A shattering experience."

One Hour to Live. Many faculty members concurred. Outraged by what they saw as capitulation to brute force, they refused by an overwhelming vote to go along with the administration's peace pact. Said Historian Clinton Rossiter: "If the ship goes down, I'll go with it, as long as it represents reason and order. But if it's converted to threats

As the speeches heated up, the crisis took on more menacing proportions. Perkins had declared Cornell in "a situation of emergency," and on his initiative, more than 350 armed men—mostly sheriff's deputies from nearby counties—were deployed to Ithaca, ready to move onto the campus. A wing of the local hospital was evacuated for expected emergency cases. Ithaca was seized with wild rumors, including one that students would try to take over the plant of a local small-arms manufacturer.

Simultaneously, Perkins was trying to cool things off. He suspended regular classes and urged students and faculty to discuss the crisis. Behind the scenes, the administration explained why it had given in to the blacks. "These were frightened and paranoid people in a fortress on this campus," one university official told the faculty. "A delay [in an agreement] would have meant bloodshed and death. The university can survive, even through concessions obtained by coercion and force, but not through murder." By Wednesday noon, the faculty was ready to reconsider its decision. In a complete reversal of the original ballot, the faculty now voted to back the agreement.

Disgust and Euphoria. The flip-flop disgusted some leading professors, who accused Cornell of "selling out to terrorists." At least a dozen pledged to suspend teaching until the campus was free of guns, a demand that Perkins seemed unable to satisfy. Three scholars resigned, including Allan P. Sandler, chairman of the government department and a onetime civil-rights leader at Duke, who charged his colleagues with a lack of "integrity, guts, common sense and dignity." In contrast, English Professor M. H. Abrams supported the reverse vote as the only rational course. "To stand on legality, to temporize, would be disastrous," he said. "The only thing to do is wipe the slate clean." Historian Rossiter attributed his own change of heart in part to Perkins' appeals. "There was pressure," he explained, sounding slightly brainwashed. "But it was the only thing we could do to preserve this university as a place of reason. I can live with ferment but not with violence."

By week's end Cornell was in a state of euphoric exhaustion. Despite their misgivings, most professors seemed satisfied that Cornell had averted bloodshed. Many students envisioned a new era of racial good feeling. Robert W. Purcell, chairman of the board of trustees, said the "silent center" had spoken, and he insisted that "Cornell has come through without danger and strengthened." Yet disturbing questions remain: If radical student power dominates a university, what happens to professors who disagree with it? More broadly, if a university is threatened with disorder, how far can it compromise before it loses all integrity? Is Cornell a symbol of racial progress or a disaster for American universities?



BLACK STUDENTS LEAVING STRAIGHT HALL
Symbol of progress—or disaster?

of "political action" against the university itself. When the committee threatened to suspend the six unless they showed up, the blacks turned the tables—they cited an obscure by-law empowering the committee to try errands *in absentia*. In sum, they claimed, the threat of suspension without a trial was in itself illegal as well as racist.

With the impasse came a rising incidence of racial rhetoric and insult. Black students were subjected to repeated taunts. Negro leaders vowed to set up their own black studies center without the university's assistance. Townspeople were disturbed by the Negroes' increasing aggressiveness. When a cross was burned in front of the Negro coeds' dormitory, militants warned that they were determined to "protect our black women." What angered the blacks even more was the decision of the student-faculty committee to "reprimand" three of the December demonstrators after all. In retaliation, the blacks seized Straight Hall.

As their siege continued into the second day in an atmosphere of imminent

and fear, I'll leave it and take a job as a night watchman in a bakery."

However commendable, the faculty's unwillingness to negotiate under the gun brought a new flood of passion. What the majority had overlooked was another perception: in the view of some professors and students, the blacks had been treated unfairly by Cornell's judicial system and had armed themselves only in self-defense. The blacks skillfully played on those feelings.

Joined by a few radical professors, S.D.S. organized a huge rally in the Cornell fieldhouse, at which 6,000 whites threatened to stage their own demonstrations. Black leaders flatly refused to reopen talks with either administration or faculty, and student opinion seemed to be swinging to their side. In a wild eruption of demagoguery, Black Senior Tom Jones shouted: "Cornell has only one hour to live!" In the past, he cried, "it's been the blacks who did all the dying. Now's the time when the pigs are going to die. James Perkins is going to be dealt with. The faculty is going to be dealt with."

THE DILEMMA OF BLACK STUDIES

THE trauma that Cornell University went through last week (see EDUCATION) exemplifies a problem that is shared in varying degree by almost every college and university in the U.S. It is how to satisfy the aspirations of an aroused minority of black students who reject academic programs designed for a majority of students who happen to be white. As blacks see it, the result is "whitewashed" education that robs Negroes of the pride and skills they need to fulfill the black destiny in America. The blacks want something dramatically different—now.

Grating as it seems, the black demand cannot be ignored by a nation that views education as salvation—indeed, as the key to bringing Negroes into the mainstream of U.S. life. Ironically, colleges have helped to bring the problem on themselves. For years, select colleges accepted a token handful of bright Negro students from relatively privileged homes. In effect, they blackballed ghetto youths for alleged failure to meet white academic standards. Now the colleges have broken their own rules (often smugly) by seeking "disadvantaged" Negroes, many of them straight out of the ghetto. The eight Ivy League colleges, for example, have just accepted a record 1,135 black applicants for next year's combined freshman class of 8,080, a rise of 89% over the number of blacks admitted by the Ivies last year.

Negroes, though, are still a tiny minority on most campuses. Only 4% of U.S. collegians are black; they number 300,000 (half at Negro colleges) in a total enrollment of 6,700,000. The result makes Negroes both defensive and militant. At the same time, colleges are getting many blacks who resist the notion that they were ever failures, and who think, in fact, that the colleges are the failures. The reaction is natural; white administrators simply failed to foresee it. For lower-class Negroes, whose whole lives have been spent in black ghettos, the sudden move to white campuses often produces cultural shock. Everything is so *white*. How can a slum Negro cherish the glories of Greek culture, for example, while his sister supports him by ironing The Man's shirts? Even middle-class Negroes are often upset. Says Byron Merritt, a political science major at Syracuse University: "If white education is increasingly 'irrelevant' for whites, what is it for us?" Merritt's concern is that college will sweep him into the white world and alienate him from his less fortunate black brothers in the ghetto. "I know I can get my \$20,000 a year, but then what? Where do I fit into the black community?"

Erasing White Culture

The answer demanded by Negroes is "black studies"—a concept that baffles white teachers, who have not yet caught up with a profound change in black attitudes toward education. Until recently, most Negro leaders preached racial integration; Negro collegians felt a special responsibility to set an example by using their education to build successful careers in the white middle-class world. Today, new leaders preach black "nationhood," not integration per se. Negro students now feel an even heavier responsibility than their predecessors—not to escape the ghetto, but to return to it and improve the lot of the black community at large.

All too often, such hopes dim soon after matriculation. Militant black students complain that colleges teach nothing to prepare them for coping with everyday ghetto problems like rat control, police hostility and price gouging by white merchants. Worse for black identity, white-oriented courses more or less ignore Negro contributions to American history and culture. While standard history courses extol the white abolitionist, Wendell Phillips, for instance, they seldom mention David Walker, a black abolitionist and one of the first U.S. Negroes to press for equality. If there is a black record in American poetry, politics or science—and

there is—U.S. education has rarely studied or taught it.

Out of such frustration comes the clamor for black studies—courses aimed at defining and demonstrating the black role in America. In a recent survey of 185 colleges and universities, Educational Consultant Joseph Colmen found that 23 campuses will offer full-fledged "black" majors by next fall. San Diego State and Stanford already offer bachelor's degrees in Afro-American Studies.

What the students want out of black studies is basically identity—an explanation of blackness, a pride in it, relief and rebirth. Some yearn for knowledge of their African ancestors; others place a greater emphasis on the cultural achievements of the American Negro; almost all are determined that black studies should stress courses directly related to the pressing needs of the black community. Common to many black militants, though, is a pessimism that white faculties will understand what they have in mind. Says Bill Osby, a Cornell graduate student: "Having a black studies program on a white liberal campus may turn out to be almost impossible because the administration and the faculty are just not going to let the program get at the essentials. They will simply let us study black history and wear *dashikis* while we get ready to work for Xerox or IBM. I'm for a black studies program that helps to destroy white culture in the minds of black people. And going through an intellectual environment is not enough: black studies has got to be an action-oriented program."

Salvaging Stupidity

How militant blacks expect to ignore realities like Xerox and still survive in a technological society is a question to which they obviously have not given much deep thought. As they see it, the priority is self-development through black studies, and toward that end, new courses are now emerging. Among them:

► A sociology course on "The Black Family" taught at Oakland's Merritt College by Melvin Newton, 31, brother of imprisoned Black Panther Co-Founder Huey P. Newton. Newton discusses and then discounts the white concept of the black family as a weak social unit, a notion that is partly based on the relative frequency with which Negro fathers abandon their homes. "The important thing is not to view the stability factor," argues Newton. "The secret of the black family is its ability to survive, its flexibility." In his lectures, Newton attempts to build black pride by accentuating this affirmative view.

► A language course at Indiana University taught by Orlando Taylor, an assistant professor of speech. "Blacks are traditionally taught that phrases like 'I busy' and 'I be busy' are grammatically wrong," says Taylor. He relishes the effect when he tells students that such speech forms come directly from the language of their West African forefathers and are not a corruption of European usage: "Suddenly this causes the black students to feel that their language isn't so inferior after all. This is psychologically important—the black doesn't have to feel he is stupid."

► A history course at U.C.L.A. called "Racial Attitudes in America," taught by Gary B. Nash. The course examines American racial thinking from the first English contacts with Africans and Indians in the 16th century. It also includes an inquiry into the Kerner commission report and a reading list that includes Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice*, Gordon W. Allport's *Nature of Prejudice* and John Dollard's *Caste and Class in a Southern Town*.

Those planning the new programs share the students' concern for learning that has practical application. Robert Singleton, 33, a black associate professor of economics, hopes to have U.C.L.A.'s planned Afro-American Studies Center in operation next fall as a complement to the university's in-

tellectually distinguished ten-year-old Center for African Studies. Singleton sees the new center as "an evolutionary laboratory in which to design alternatives to current social institutions, a base from which to test these alternatives in nearby communities and a classroom in which to convert field findings into new courses back on campus." An obvious possibility: teaching white teachers how to teach Negro children.

Not every school is eager for such a pragmatic approach. Says Assistant History Professor John Willis, a member of the faculty-student committee now making final plans for an Afro-American studies department at the University of Wisconsin: "Students have asked for an action-oriented program while serious academicians want a department oriented toward scholarship." Though Willis himself is black, he goes along with the professors because "I'm an academic Tom—I can see the quality angle."

Jim Crow Revisited

The push for black studies is without geographical bounds: even the University of Alabama has started a course in Afro-American history (attended mainly by whites). Stanford offers an inter-disciplinary major in African and Afro-American studies. Harvard, Yale and Columbia, among other



DISCUSSING AFRO-AMERICAN COURSES AT SYRACUSE

Eastern schools, are readying major departments of black studies for the coming year. Eventually, Harvard hopes to help create a Boston-area consortium of university Afro-American resources.

Among the most comprehensive programs of black studies is the degree-granting department planned by Dr. Nathan Hare for San Francisco State College. It will open next fall, though Hare, an adversary of acting President S. I. Hayakawa, has been dropped from the faculty. (The students are demanding his reinstatement.) To earn a black B.A., San Francisco students will take four basic courses in Negro history, psychology, science, arts and humanities; after that, two areas of concentration are possible. One consists of 14 courses in behavioral and social sciences, such as "Black Politics" and "Black Nationalism and the International Community." Hare describes the purpose of the department bluntly: "It's to teach black students to deal with a society that is self-defined as racist."

Many blacks, if they had their way, would like to see autonomous black studies programs—administered, taught and attended by blacks only. White professors, they believe, are incapable of really understanding the black experience. White students are a potential embarrassment. Says Indiana's Orlando Taylor: "There is a psychological feeling among blacks against exposing some of the hang-ups they may have as a result of racism in front of a white audience."

One black who opposes such total separatism is Nathan Hare. "We're not racists," he says. "We think that sepa-

ratism is often a pretext to evade acting in a revolutionary fashion now." He wants to include as many white students as possible (white students, in fact, could greatly benefit from black studies). The shortage of qualified black teachers will keep most faculties of Afro-American studies integrated for some time to come. There are, moreover, legal obstacles to full autonomy. Roy Wilkins, executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, warned last winter: "If some white Americans should accede officially to the call for separate dormitories and autonomous racial schools, there will be court action to determine anyone's right to use public tax funds to set up what are, patently, Jim Crow schools." Sure enough, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare last month threatened to withhold federal funds from Ohio's Antioch College unless the school desegregates its blacks-only Afro-American Studies Institute, which opened last fall.

The strongest opposition to autonomous departments of black studies comes from faculty members who see the idea as a threat to academic integrity, their own prerogatives or both. When the Harvard faculty last week voted to include six students on the committee working out plans for the future department of Afro-American studies, Economist Henry Rosovsky indignantly resigned from the committee.

During the debate, Rosovsky and some of his colleagues argued that the action would set a dangerous precedent for student participation in the appointment of teachers in other departments, that students were not sufficiently well-trained to judge academic qualifications and that distinguished academics might not come to a department half-controlled by students. Nonetheless, the faculty voted 258 to 151 to include the students on the committee. "The country has to make the utmost effort to find constructive solutions to the race problem," said Economist Richard Musgrave. "One has to be prepared to do things which one would not do in other circumstances."

W. H. Ferry, a fellow of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, has gone so far as to suggest that the University of California set up an all-black undergraduate college, the ultimate in autonomy. "A good deal of the problem," wrote Ferry in his proposal to the Regents, "rests in the clash between what we whites think blacks *should* want, and what blacks *do* want. I believe we must pay strict attention to what the blacks say they want—even though contradiction and muzziness may sometimes be discerned—and go the long mile to helping them achieve it."

Prudence and Justice

Many critics remain unconvinced. Some argue that full-scale black studies will produce second-class education, a dual standard for degrees that will only unfit black graduates for the real white world. In addition, critics fear that black revolutionaries may use the classroom for propaganda. Nathan Hare gladly concedes the point: "Education is not objective. It propagandizes students to conform to the society." Black students, he argues, must be trained to reject racism—black as well as white—and in that sense he is preaching revolutionary education.

Even so, it is necessary to define precisely what kind of revolution black studies should accomplish. If the courses teach blind separatism or violence, tragedy will result. If the goal is problem solving, the teaching of personal and political skills or real black power, then nothing could be more legitimate. Conversely, the most worrisome revolution, perhaps, is the one that may afflict campuses that block or hedge on black studies. Going along is not only prudent; it is also just. In the long run, moreover, the present "action" phase of black studies is likely to be self-liquidating. As soon as it succeeds, it will not be necessary. Black studies could then grow into a more intellectual discipline like Asian or African area studies. The risk in black studies is that it may create academic *apartheid*. But the risk in "white studies" is greater: the loss of black equality and achievement. If those key American ideals mean anything, the choice is obvious.

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I hope you win for your sake
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And what lasts is what
you've learned.

And what you learn about
is life.
That's what sports is all about.
Life.
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in an afternoon.
The happiness of life.
The miseries.
The joys.
The heartbreaks.

There's no telling
what'll turn up.
There's no telling
whether they'll toss you
out in the first five minutes
or whether you'll stay for
the long haul.

There's no telling how
you'll do.
You might be a hero
or you might be
absolutely nothing.
There's just no telling.
Too much depends on chance.
On how the ball bounces.

I'm not talking about the
game, son.
I'm talking about life.
But it's life that the game
is all about.
Just as I said.

Because every game is
life.
And life is a game.
A serious one.
Dead serious.

But that's what you do
with serious things.
You do your best.
You take what comes.
You take what comes
and you run with it.

Winning is fun.
Sure.
But winning is not
the point.

Wanting to win is the
point.
Not giving up is the
point.
Never being satisfied
with what you've done
is the point.
Never letting up
is the point.
Never letting anyone down
is the point.

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RELIGION

THEOLOGY

Is "God Is Dead" Dead?

Whatever became of the death of God? Three years ago it was the most fiercely debated issue in American theology (TIME cover, April 8, 1966). Scholarly journals were thick with discussions of it. No sermon topic was more popular; pulpits rang with denunciations from righteous clergymen. Today, one of the chief apostles of the movement, Thomas Altizer, is quietly teaching English on Long Island. The journals and sermons have turned to other themes. Was it just a passing theological fad? A small idea blown out of proportion by pulpit and press? Or a real *cri de coeur*, saying something valid not only about 20th century man but perhaps about God as well?

To most theologians, it was a bit of each. And as a sensational catch phrase, they agree, the "death of God" phenomenon is indeed dead. It was a shock, says Chicago Divinity School's Langdon Gilkey, and "a shock can only be discussed so long." But as a point of departure from old forms of theological discourse, the idea is still evoking constructive responses. Even a stern critic like Dean John Dilenberger of Berkeley's Graduate Theological Union is prepared to admit that the movement also "cleared away some simple-minded notions of what the life of God means." Others find it a bit more significant. Lay Theologian Leslie Dewart, at the University of Toronto, thinks that any further theology must now be done from "a new perspective, and a realization that the pre-certitudes are gone."

Back to Nietzsche. One of the problems with the "death of God" phenomenon, argues Anglican Canon David Jenkins of Oxford, was that it generated "too much fear for its positive side to be taken seriously." To many clergymen, the concept of a dead deity simply hearkened back to the secular atheism of Nietzsche. What was more at issue was not so much the existence but the concept of God, and even the theologians who founded the movement differed sharply in their views. Gabriel Vahanian of Syracuse University spoke of the death of God in the sense that the creator assumed by Western civilization no longer meant anything to the modern mind.

Only to Altizer and William Hamilton, another key thinker in the movement, was there a real death of a historical God. As Altizer saw it, the transcendent God of the Bible had died when he became Jesus, whose incarnation made

God man for all time. From that point on, argued Altizer, God was no longer the transcendent "wholly other" of Karl Barth, but an immanent part of mankind, a divinity that men could reach for in themselves. Altizer, now at the State University of New York, admits that "this talk about the death was really the death of neo-Orthodoxy."

Princeton's Paul Ramsey thinks that Altizer and his colleagues merely enlarged on the "defect of 19th century theology" and "turned from reflection on God—the proper object of theology—to the human religious consciousness." Such radical theology is "really thin stuff," he says, against "a serious workman" like Barth. Yet Jewish Theologian Richard Rubenstein of the University



"WELL, THAT SETTLES IT"

of Pittsburgh thinks that the Christian atheists' search for new theological roots was "only catching up with the other disciplines" in emphasizing a study of this world. Indeed, Theological Journalist William Robert Miller sees Altizer as something of a prophet, whose vision of God-in-Man will eventually require a synthesis of theology with such disciplines as psychology, history, and literary criticism.

A Time for Waiting. Many religious thinkers agree that the healthy shock effect of God-is-dead theology has freed men to go on to more creative thought. Notre Dame Theologian John S. Dunne, for instance, feels that mankind is passing through the stages that German Poet Rainer Maria Rilke described: "Once there was God, now there is no God, some day there will be a God." Dunne's view, which he elaborates in a new book called *A Search for God in Time and Memory*, is that the period of God's death is nearly over, and "the dominant concept is waiting for God."

That wait, says Death-of-God Theologian Gabriel Vahanian, need not disillusion those who still want to believe.

"The more a society becomes technological, the more it worries about spiritual questions," he explains. "After the death of God, man will be no less religious than before." In Germany, where the death-of-God theory has inspired a whole new reappraisal of traditional theological concerns, Protestant Theologian Jürgen Moltmann agrees wholeheartedly. "God is dead" is written on one side of the stone," Moltmann declares. "But when you turn it over, it reads 'everything is religion.'"

ROMAN CATHOLICS

And Now the Jesuits

Ever since Ignatius Loyola created the Society of Jesus as a spiritual elite corps of the Counter-Reformation more than 400 years ago, the Jesuits have been the Pope's Own. But even their privileged position has not kept them immune from the present dissension and turmoil in the Roman Catholic Church. Last week Father Marius Schoenberger, 49, one of eleven regional assistants who are part of the "Jesuit curia" under Father-General Pedro Arrupe, announced that he was asking to leave the order. He is the highest-ranking Jesuit ever to quit the society.

He is hardly the first, however: since 1965, about 2,000 Jesuits have left the 36,000-member order. Schoenberger's departure grew directly out of a broader, long-brewing struggle between the rebellious young Jesuits in the Dutch church and Father Arrupe, the order's moderately progressive but increasingly worried "Black Pope." Last fall a Jesuit chaplain to Roman Catholic students in Amsterdam announced that he intended to marry and continue in the priesthood. Two other young Jesuits gave him public support, and early this month were dismissed from the order by Arrupe. The Provincial of the Dutch Jesuits, Father Jan Hermans, then resigned his post rather than enforce the dismissals. Schoenberger, Arrupe's Swiss-born administrator for seven Northern European countries, was also in sympathy with the Dutch rebels, and concerned about the slow pace of reform within the society. The dismissals confirmed his resolve to leave.

Schoenberger made his exit in a grand and confident manner. He called a press conference in the Sala Rosa of Rome's Cavalieri Hilton, ordered drinks set up for newsmen, and explained why he was going. "Controversial issues within the order," he said, had caused him to be "reproached for his progressive position and modern approach to life." Later he told a TIME correspondent that "I would have betrayed my vocation if I had remained in the order under present conditions. I would have been bound to a life of inaction." Instead, Schoenberger will remain a priest, plans to found an organization of clerics and lay people called *Forum Oggi* (Forum Today) as a coordination center for new programs in social action and mass media communication.

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BEHAVIOR

ENVIRONMENT

Building a Better Mouse Trap

A snow shovel, as any home owner knows, looks something like this:



In the opinion of New York University's Erwin R. Tichauer, that snow shovel is poorly adapted to its user. For the flabby, middle-aged and out-of-condition male it can be dangerous, since the position of its handle imposes an unnatural and unnecessary strain on the wrist, the arm, and consequently, the heart. A far safer and more efficient design, says Tichauer, would look like this:



With equally prejudiced eye, he rejects the standard four-legged stepladder, which in his judgment is an excellent device for "tossing people off":



Tichauer would eliminate one leg, and spread the other two to make that most stable of all bases, the tripod:



The bottom-hinged oven door appalls him. How can the housewife, forced to lean across it to extract a 10-lb. roast, possibly avoid lower-back pain? Like all good solutions, Tichauer's seems beautifully simple: hinge the oven door laterally, just like on the refrigerator:



DRAWINGS FOR TIME BY HERB GREEN

Easy solutions to the ramifying problems of a technological age leap almost unbidden into Tichauer's mind, for he is both an inventive and a lazy man. His first impulse is to find an easier way to do anything. This ambition, together with a heartfelt concern for the physical vulnerability of man, has led him into a new and little-known discipline. Tichauer is a biomechanist: a scientist who is half-anatomist and half-engineer, and who seeks to improve the fit between man and machine. Under the prodding of human engineers like Tichauer, technology is beginning to accept the indisputable truth that man cannot be redesigned—but tools and machines can.

Human Limitation. As obvious as this fact may be, says Tichauer, industrial society has long overlooked it. Basic tools were reproduced in traditional shapes mainly out of habit. Well into the 20th century, more complicated machines were designed without any serious consideration for the limitations of their human operators—in part, at least, because scarcely anyone understood what those limitations were. Biomechanics, Tichauer notes with satisfaction, is beginning to change all that.

In addition to teaching at N.Y.U., Tichauer is a well-known industrial consultant with more commissions and clients (among them: Western Electric, Texas Instruments, Caterpillar Tractor) than he can possibly handle. "I'm sort of an industrial 'Dear Abby,'" he says. "They come to me only when there's a mess." One such distress call came from Western Electric in Kansas City, which was having trouble with a certain production line. Working with the staff engineers, Tichauer evolved a pair of pliers with a 30° bend in the handle. As a result of this consideration for the human wrist, which tires quickly when awkwardly contorted, efficiency took an immediate and gratifying climb:



Some of Tichauer's troubleshooting solutions involve not tools but a basic understanding of the body's internal machinery. At one factory where workers were complaining of headaches, Tichauer traced the cause to the machines they operated, which were transmitting vibrations of 18 cycles a second. After adoption of his proposal to base the machines on a cushion of neoprene, the vibrations and the headaches disappeared. At another plant, he reduced a near-epidemic of severe chest pains by raising the workers' chairs and modifying the seating angle. Much too low in relation to the work level, the



BIOMECHANIST TICHAUER
Laziness is the father of invention.

chairs had compelled the workers to keep their arms in an agonizingly upraised, elbows-off-the-table position.

Arm and Ax. Born in Berlin 51 years ago, Tichauer indulged a youthful interest in anatomical engineering by watching brewery horses pull their heavy load up the city's slopes. The lithe movements of the big cats, pacing their cages at Berlin's Tiergarten, riveted his attention for hours on end. Studying the exhibit on paleolithic man at the Museum für Völkerkunde, he pondered the relationship between that brawny prehistoric arm and the stone ax it brandished at onlookers. After earning degrees in science and mechanical engineering, Tichauer decided to investigate for himself.

In his chosen field, he found very little competition. Nearly all the literature was out of date: for example, the notable 1909 studies of bricklaying by Frank B. Gilbreth, an American engineer and efficiency expert. Among other things, Gilbreth developed an easily adjustable scaffold that eliminated the need to stoop for every brick and helped increase bricklaying performance from an average of 120 bricks an hour to 350.

"Fifty years ago," says Tichauer, "men like Gilbreth produced many solutions, but there were no problems. Today we've got the problems." Even where the problems are now resolutely faced, he claims, they are often approached from the wrong direction. He contends that too often equipment is manufactured today for a person who, in his opinion, does not exist: the average man. The human frame comes in a dizzying range of sizes and configurations, and industry must reach at least a reasonable compromise with this unavoidable fact.

By contrast, nearly everything surrounding America's astronauts has been handcrafted to fit not only their dimensions but their shortcomings in the

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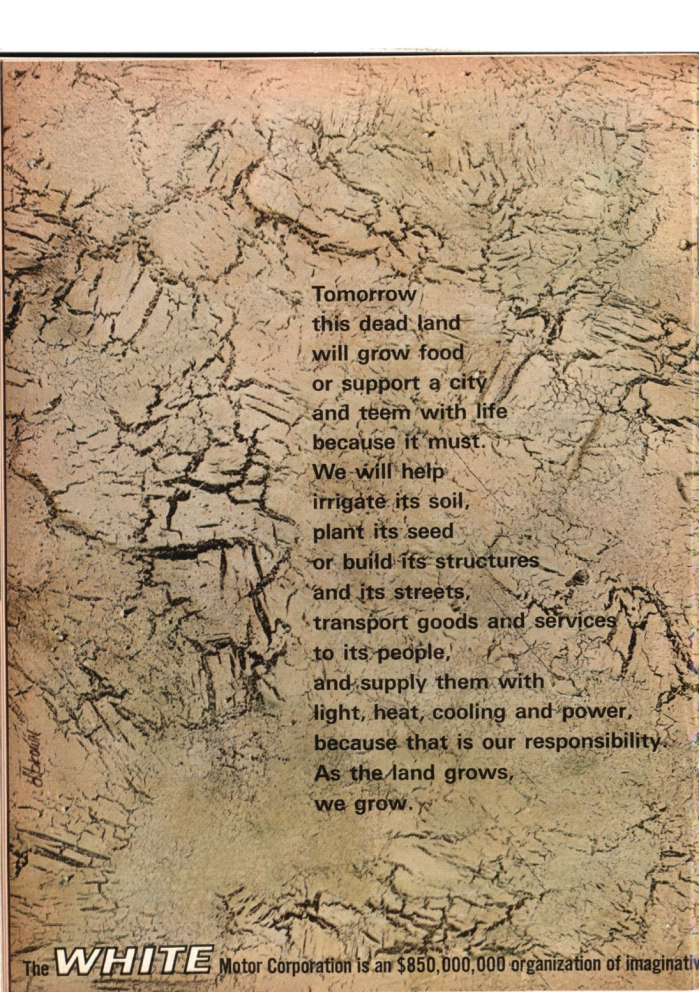


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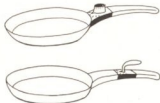
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hostile environment of space. Earth-bound man is also surrounded by a hostile and ill-fitting mechanical environment, and Tichauer sees no reason why the ordinary tool user and factory hand should not rate the kind of consideration shown to men in space.

Finger Dexterity. By now, Tichauer is so accustomed to the uninformed mistakes of machinery makers that he can readily redesign almost any device used by modern man. He would, for example, move the control of an electric skillet farther away from the heat and replace the dial, which requires great finger dexterity, with something even an arthritic old lady could manage:



He would also revamp the familiar telephone dial. "A man with Parkinson's disease or a man with fat fingers has great difficulty dialing," he says. "Why have holes at all?"



Wherever feasible, he would abolish the trigger pull on tools ("The index finger tires easily, and is not well suited for pulling a trigger all day") to give more work to the thumb, the most powerful digit of all:



Tichauer shows little interest in the marketing and profit potentials of his designs. In any event, many of them are unpatentable—a fact that may help explain why the industries that consult him sometimes treat his suggestions as trade secrets. As Tichauer himself says: "Efficiency is the by-product of comfort. The enterprise that manufactures no sore backs, shoulders, wrists or behinds is at a competitive advantage over one with suffering workers." But Tichauer's basic humanitarianism shows through his practicality. "I don't design," he insists. "I fertilize. And I prevent sore elbows." He seems quite content with these relatively modest goals, and with the satisfaction of knowing that he has added something to the comfort, efficiency and dignity of the machine's human attachment.

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by President McMabon

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Donald A. McMahon
Donald A. McMahon, President
Monroe International, Division of Litton Industries

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SCULPTURE

High Priest of Danger

Since he first came East in 1960, a Californian named Walter de Maria has established himself as a kind of high priest of Manhattan's artistic underground. His ideas are outrageous, as he apparently intends them to be. De Maria aims not to please but to force the viewer into studying his work and puzzling out its meanings. If the effort is infuriating more often than not, that makes no difference in De Maria's view.

His basic approach is a tantalizing simplicity—a column of polished steel, a square sheet of blank paper with a single word such as "Sky" lettered on it, a wooden booth with a small plaque in it labeled "Suicide." Each is intended to convey or stimulate some arcane, fey or fiendish compulsion or conceit.

This approach has made him, among other things, a founding father of that singularly obdurate style of sculpture known as Minimal art. In 1961, when De Maria was still a neophyte artist, he built two plain wood boxes. They differed from later Minimal artists' boxes primarily by being open and filled with wood blocks. De Maria intended the spectator to wonder obscurely whether or not he ought to shift the blocks from one box to the other.

Diabolical Ping. This fondness for movable sculpture qualified De Maria as a progenitor of the busy school of "Optional art," whose practitioners invite viewers to play a sort of game by rearranging various objects in a composition to suit their own tastes. Avant-garde collectors began to buy De Maria's work. He was soon able to have them made up in steel rather than wood, and the games became more diabolical. His 1965 *Instrument for La Monte Young* looks like an innocent, slender metal box with a ball in it. But De Maria designed it with microphones at either end, which—in theory at least—could be hooked up to an amplifying system. Thus the "ping" of the ball would be amplified 50 times, and the viewer-listener who wanted to roll the ball back and forth could go deaf.

During the past year, another one of the minischools that De Maria helped to establish underground has emerged in the public eye: earthworks. In the winter of 1961-62, De Maria sketched plans for a pair of mile-long walks, 12 ft. high and 12 ft. apart, to be built "somewhere in the Western United States." Though no collector could afford the \$500,000 needed to build it, De Maria and a fellow worker flew out to the Mojave Desert and chalked two half-mile-long lines on its surface. They photographed each other standing, or lying between the oppressively inward-pressing parallel lines. As De Maria points out, "There is a terrific double energy yielded by the tightness of geometric

form combined with the feeling of infinite space." His current "Three Continents" project will superimpose marks carved on the surfaces of deserts in Africa, India and North America onto a triple-exposure aerial photograph. Seems like a lot of trouble, not counting the cost of the airplane, but De Maria spent two weeks in January bulldozing stripes in the Sahara and has pictures to show for it.

Beyond Earthworks. The triumph of helping to prophesy into existence three lively minischools of art might make a lesser high priest rest on his oracles. Not De Maria, whose spring exhibition at Manhattan's Dwan Gallery takes him

dowing them with all the murderous loveliness of a well-made gun, knife or racing car. "When danger and beauty are mixed," he maintains, "the result is a heightened beauty that surpasses so-called normal beauty." If De Maria's latest ritual objects prove as seductive as his previous ones, Manhattan's with-it galleries will soon be showing a large and loathsome selection of even more horrific art.

GRAPHICS

Unknown Masters in Wood

Just as U.S. servicemen and college students tack pictures of Raquel Welch or travel posters on their walls, so merchants and tradesmen in 18th and 19th century Japan delighted in cheap, mass-produced wood-block prints, or *hanga*. These genre pictures showed well-known actors or courtesans of the day, picturesque views of Mount Fuji and *caresque* travel scenes. They were known as *ukiyo-e*, literally "pictures of the floating world," because to devout Buddhists everyday existence was a transient stage in man's journey to nirvana. Yet the lasting charm and skill with which the Japanese craftsmen imbued their images have influenced Western artists from Constable onward.

Currently, Los Angeles' U.C.L.A. art gallery is displaying 163 Japanese *ukiyo-e hanga*, perhaps one of the most comprehensive exhibitions ever. Its genesis was the acquisition by U.C.L.A.'s Grunwald Arts Foundation of some 650 prints from the estate of Frank Lloyd Wright. With this as a nucleus, U.C.L.A. commissioned Orientalist Harold P. Stern, assistant director of Washington's Freer Gallery of Art, to assemble a comprehensive survey of Japanese master prints and to write an accompanying book.

Simple but Soul. Wright was one of the floating world's most fervent admirers. He first saw prints at the home of another architect in the 1880s while still an apprentice, eventually amassed 5,000 prints. They were the only decorative art—aside from his own ornamentation—that he proposed for his buildings; even his architectural renderings have an Oriental look. The *ukiyo-e* "intrigued me and taught me much," he once said. "A Japanese may tell you what he knows in a single drawing, but never will he attempt to tell you all he knows. He is content to lay stress upon a simple element, insignificant enough perhaps, until he has handled it; then the slight means employed touch the soul of the subject so surely that while less would have failed of the intended effect, more would have been profane. The gospel of the elimination of the insignificant preached by the print came home to me in architecture."

Japanese printmakers eliminated the insignificant partly as a matter of economic necessity. The making of a *hanga* was a laborious process. First, the artist brushed his design onto mulberry pa-



DE MARIA WITH "BED OF SPIKES"
Never one to rest on his oracles.

perated earthworks into a new idiom that is easily the most alarming yet. During the show, more than 2,500 visitors came to titter nervously or gaze in horrified wonder at De Maria's five Indian fakir-like steel beds. Together they contain 153 upright 11-in. spikes, honed to the sharpness of a Viet Cong punji stick and arranged with the geometric precision of the crosses that stand among the poppies in Flanders field.

Each visitor had to sign a release before he entered the room, exempting the gallery and De Maria in legal terms from any responsibility for accidents. The release served to emphasize what the show was about—"The danger that exists in the world today," says De Maria: "It's a fact that within one hour 100 million people could be killed."

Still, the most distressing aspect of *The Beds of Spikes* lies not in the abstract danger that they symbolize but in their creator's evident delight in en-

JAPAN'S "FLOATING WORLD"



UTAMARO (1753-1806): COURTESAN
TATTOOING HER NAME ON HER LOVER

HARUNOBU (1725-1770): GIRL AND PLUM BLOSSOMS



MOROMASA (1712?-1772): A HOUSE OF PLEASURE IN 18TH CENTURY YOSHIWARA





HIROSHIGE (1797-1858): A BOATMAN POLES HIS BOAT TO MARKET ALONG THE KISO RIVER

HOKUSAI (1760-1849): FISHERMEN DRAW IN THEIR NET WHILE A POET MEDITATES IN A DISTANT HUT



per. Then the drawing was glued to a cherry-wood block. Next, two engravers incised the design upon the block. Several black-and-white prints were made from it, and these were then glued to other blocks that were incised in turn so that each could be used to print a single color. In the early 18th century, printmakers were largely limited to various vegetable-based inks of red and yellow. By the 1740s, greens, blues and grays had been added to the spectrum. The artist Suzuki Harunobu is credited with developing the first *nishiki-e*, or full-color picture—named for *nishiki-e*, a richly embroidered brocade.

Voluptuous and Fragile. Since the artist was only one of a number of craftsmen employed by the wood-block publisher, virtually nothing is known about even the finest draftsmen—just as few people know the names of the artists who worked for Currier and Ives. No scholar is really certain where Harunobu was born, though he is famed as the "master of the delicate brush." His genteel young ladies have a fragile, almost porcelain appeal—as can be seen from one graceful *nishiki-e* that shows a plum holding up a lantern to admire plum blossoms on a warm, dark night.

More to the popular taste was the robust Kitagawa Utamaro, who liked to draw the voluptuous courtesans who inhabited the red-light Yoshiwara district of old Tokyo (then called Edo). One series of Utamaro prints commemorated the erotic specialties of various sporting houses; the house called *Onitsutaya* was evidently celebrated for its tattooing, since one of its courtesans was shown jabbing a needle into the arm of her wincing lover, like a ranch owner putting his brand on a calf.

Furuyama Moromasa was one of the first artists to explore Western-style perspective in what were known as *uki-e*. In one print, he employed it to present a Yoshiwara scene of two gentlemen, one playing a game of hand *sumo*, the other listening to a courtesan playing the *samisen*, in a scene of restrained eroticism that did for an 18th century Japanese customer what *Playboy* does for his 20th century counterpart.

Vanishing Margin. Landscape painting became popular in the 19th century, and Japan's two most renowned masters of *ukiyo-e* were essentially landscapists: Katsushika Hokusai and Ando Hiroshige. A limpid calm pervades Hiroshige's prints, as in his view of boatmen poling along the Kiso River. The pictures of Hokusai, on the other hand, are explosive and dynamic. One scene nominally illustrating a wistful poem by Hitomaro about loneliness is dominated by the smoke from a fisherman's fire, which roils upward with an anything but wistful force. Nevertheless, as Wright observed, "both were native sons, preserving a record of a vanishing world which they loved and understood, and which by the narrow margin of their work alone has appeared before us to teach us our own way forward."



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MEDICINE

The Pros and Cons of the Pill

SINCE oral contraceptives were introduced for general prescription in 1961, at least 10 million U.S. women have taken them; about 7,000,000 are using them now. Despite the natural assumption that such popularity must be deserved, the Pill has provoked an almost equally strong countercurrent of opposition and denunciation. Anti-Pill crusaders demand that it be taken off the market, claiming that it is killing scores if not hundreds of American women every year, maiming ten times as many and making others infertile. More than a hundred lawsuits are pending against manufacturers.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* is editorially allergic to the Pill, and has pub-

lished articles under such titles as "The Terrible Trouble with the Birth-Control Pills," *McCall's* has printed a review of dropouts, called "Why They Quit the Pill." Columnist Drew Pearson reported in his more than 600 subscribing newspapers that "at least 10% of all adverse reaction reports are fatalities and that one-third of the recent reports on one specific pill involve death."

Two Synthetics. Such impassioned distortions only becloud the truth about the Pill, which is difficult enough to establish. From the most recent technical reports, however, these conclusions emerge: 1) the Pill is the most effective contraceptive yet devised; 2) like any other potent drug, it sometimes produces side effects that may be crippling or fatal to a minute proportion of users; 3) while the risks of such side effects appear to have been wildly exaggerated, there are some women for whom the Pill should never be prescribed.

The Pill on the U.S. market today contains two synthetic chemical components, one resembling the natural female hormone estrogen, the other a progestin that resembles progesterone,

which women secrete chiefly during pregnancy. Some are combinations in which both the estrogen and the progestin are taken for 21 days a month; others are "sequentials," in which the estrogen alone is taken for 14 to 16 days, and estrogen with progestin for five or six.

The most recent assessments of the Pill were given last month to the American Association of Planned Parenthood Physicians and the American College of Physicians. No two of the assembled experts agreed completely on the relative advantages and risks of the Pill, or in defining the patients for whom they would prescribe or proscribe it. Nevertheless, they reached a reasonable

consensus on the most important and potentially dangerous side effects.

• **BLOOD AND CLOTS.** Hormone components of the Pill appear to "rev up" the chain reaction of yet other hormones that regulate blood pressure. Columbia University's Dr. John H. Laragh has seen 20 women whose blood pressure skyrocketed while they were on the Pill; presumably they were unusually sensitive to the hormonal effect. Women with kidney disease are especially susceptible. A related mechanism, said Laragh, explains some complaints of "feeling bloated" and gaining weight, usually during the first three or four months that a woman is taking the Pill; some of the hormones involved cause retention of salt and water.

The estrogen component of the Pill is known to increase the coagulability of blood and therefore the risk of clot formation. British researchers have shown that women under 40 risk a clotting problem that is seven to nine times greater than the minuscule risk among nonpregnant women of the same age not on the Pill. Clots may form in either superficial or deep veins of the

legs (thrombophlebitis), and may travel to the lungs, causing pulmonary embolism, which carries a high death rate. Or they may form in the brain, causing strokes. There are also a few cases in which a myriad minute clots have blocked circulation in the heart and in intestinal arteries.

These dangers must be set against the greater hazards of pregnancy. For three weeks after a normal pregnancy and delivery, the risks of thromboembolism (including pulmonary embolism) are greatly increased, and even during pregnancy may be slightly increased. Northwestern University's Dr. David Danforth calculated for the College of Physicians that there are .55 cases of thromboembolism per 1,000 women a year among Pill takers compared with .74 per 1,000 during pregnancy and three to ten cases per 1,000 after delivery. Clotting problems aside, pregnancy carries other risks, including fatal complications associated with high blood pressure and kidney disorders. And unwanted pregnancy involves the risk of illegal, septic abortion, which is notoriously hazardous to life. Nonetheless, a one-to-one comparison of the risks of the Pill and those of pregnancy would be invalid. That is largely because a woman who chooses not to use the Pill has other alternatives for avoiding pregnancy—such as the diaphragm, foam, the intra-uterine device or her husband's condom.

• **BRAIN AND EYES.** High blood pressure increases the risk of strokes of both major kinds—the thromboembolic, caused by traveling clots, and the hemorrhagic, in which a blood vessel bursts. Strokes are uncommon among women under 40, but several neurologists say they have seen as many as ten cases in a year among women on the Pill, where they used to see only one or two before the Pill. Both the increased blood pressure and the estrogen's effect on the clotting mechanism may be responsible. There are a few authenticated cases of severely impaired vision, even to the extent of blindness, as the result of clotting in the minute retinal arteries.

Because migraine headaches result from dilation of small arteries near the surface of the skull, they might be related to the Pill's effects on blood vessels. Thus some physicians never prescribe the Pill for a woman who has any history of migraine, and stop it promptly if a woman with no such history complains of migraine while on it. Others counter that this could rule out 5% or more of the female population.

• **METABOLISM.** Estrogens, but not progesterone, have long been known to influence the metabolism of fats—to the point where they have been given to men in the hope of lowering their blood-cholesterol levels and protecting them against heart attacks. In fact, says the University of Miami's Dr. William N. Spellacy, their effect on cholesterol is still debatable; they seem to increase the proportion of big, "flabby" fat molecules circulating in the blood. The most consistent finding, said Spellacy, is that



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"This is ZD8ZAD Ascension Island calling W9DCN Peoria." ^{13 meter band}

"We've taken two marlin here at Pompano...looks good." ^{1.6-3.5 MHz band}

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ZENITH
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"McCALL'S" ARTICLE
Distortions only becloud the truth.

increased estrogen levels cause increased blood levels of triglycerides, the complex, fat-containing molecules involved in atherosclerosis and heart disease. But, Spellacy emphasized, there is as yet no evidence linking the Pill with these diseases in women.

The Pill's effect on insulin and carbohydrate (sugar and starch) metabolism is somewhat clearer. In many women, the blood-sugar level goes up, and with it the level of circulating insulin. There is no reason to believe that the Pill causes diabetes, but it may, in some cases, accelerate the onset of the disease. Then again, so does pregnancy.

- **LIVER.** If a woman has had pregnancies marked by either jaundice or pruritus (diffuse itching), she should not go on the Pill, suggests Dr. Robert A. Hartley of Baltimore. Both these conditions result from impaired liver function, and the Pill is likely to reproduce the effects of pregnancy. Some gynecologists, however, believe the Pill is safe if the woman has had infectious hepatitis and has fully recovered from her jaundice.

- **FERTILITY.** In the early days of enthusiasm for the Pill, the word was that, far from interfering with fertility, it seemed to enhance it. Women who had just stopped taking the Pill seemed more likely to become pregnant within a couple of months. This is not true, certainly not for all women, says Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, president of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America. Some who have taken it for two years or more, then stopped because they wanted a baby, have failed to menstruate and ovulate, and therefore to conceive, for as long as 18 months. Guttmacher prefers not to prescribe the Pill for a young woman with irregular menstruation, or no periods at all, who has not completed her family.

- **CANCER.** The claim was once made that while estrogens may cause cancer, as they do in many laboratory animals, the Pill seemed actually to afford some protection against breast cancer. More cautious now, the experts claim no protective effect, but assert unequivocally that they have seen no case of breast cancer that might have been caused by the Pill. Still, to stay on the safe side, they

will not prescribe it for any woman who has cancer or any suspicious change in a breast.

The greatest controversy today concerns cancer of the cervix. Again the trouble is insufficient data. What is indisputable is that many, if not most, women on the Pill undergo cellular changes in the cervical region. The question is whether these are precancerous. Two researchers, Drs. Hilliard Dubrow and Myron R. Melamed, conducted a three-year study of almost 35,000 women at Manhattan Planned Parenthood clinics. Their report has not been published, and may never be, because technical reviews of the study suggest that it was badly designed. But bits and pieces of the findings have been carefully leaked to the press by anti-Pill crusaders. The essence: among women on the Pill, Dubrow and Melamed found twice as many cases of cell changes as among women using diaphragms. They call these changes "carcinoma *in situ*," (literally "cancer in place," as distinct from cancer that has spread). This condition is also known as "carcinoma, stage zero," and as a "precancerous condition," although it does not always lead to cancer. What is not clear is whether these women had any greater incidence of cell abnormalities than did other women who did not use diaphragms (some physicians consider the diaphragm to be a protective factor).

Second Generation. Not even the most enthusiastic supporters of the Pill in its present form believe that it is the ideal contraceptive. In addition to its side effects, it has the disadvantage of requiring close calendar watching. Researchers are working strenuously to produce a morning-after pill, a one-a-month pill or a once-a-year injection to achieve the same result with greater certainty and less fuss. What may well be the second generation of oral contraceptives is already undergoing extensive tests.

In Manhattan, at city-owned Metropolitan Hospital, Dr. Elizabeth B. Connell has had more than 1,000 women, some for as long as four years, taking a pill consisting only of chloramadinone, a progestin, every day of the year. Side

effects seem to be fewer and less severe than those from pills containing estrogens, and the number of unwanted pregnancies has been negligible. The remarkable thing about these pills is that most women taking them still ovulate regularly, and so are theoretically exposed to conception. For reasons unknown, conception does not occur.

A similar progestin is being tested by the Upjohn Co. in a novel form. Upjohn technicians have made vaginal rings of Silastic (silicone rubber) impregnated with medroxyprogesterone (Provera). The rings are of the same spring-reinforced design as the ring of a diaphragm, but there is no cap. The woman inserts the ring five days after the beginning of a menstrual period, removes it after 21 days, and throws it away. She should menstruate within two days, and start the 28-day cycle again with a new ring five days later.

As for the Pill in its present forms, as sensible an opinion as any was expressed at last week's meeting of the College of Physicians by Dr. Ann Lawrence, a hormone specialist at the University of Chicago. She would not, she said, prescribe it for women with a family history of breast or cervical cancer, or the likelihood of clotting or circulatory problems, or diabetes. "I am one of what I would call the concerned physicians, simply pleading that the drug be used with a certain circumspection," said Dr. Lawrence. "But I wouldn't even try to deny that the Pill has been a boon to millions of women." For all but the most fanatical opponents or proponents of the Pill, Dr. Lawrence's attitude seems the soundest of all.

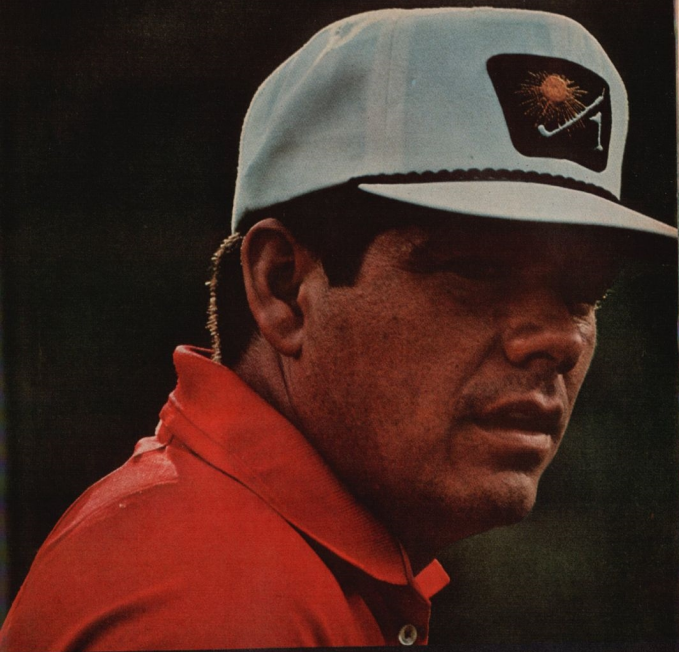
TRANSPLANTS

Eye to Eye

What was at first described as the transplant of an entire human eye was performed last week in Houston. Had the description been true, it would have been the world's first. But as the week wore on, it became clear that the transplant involved considerably less than an entire eye.

The recipient, John Madden, 54, owner of a photography studio, had been legally blind from the scarring of the corneas of both eyes. At Methodist Hospital, Dr. Conrad D. Moore grafted a cornea onto Madden's right eye, but after nine days, the graft failed because of severe bleeding. A hazel-eyed Houston man had died of a brain tumor, and Moore decided to make the transplant to the brown-eyed Madden.

Most of Madden's own right eye was left in place, with its muscles, blood vessels and the all-important optic nerve, intact. What was transplanted was the cornea, with the iris and lens—roughly, the front third of the eyeball. Since the donor eye had been refrigerated and deprived of its blood supply before transplantation, there was little or no chance that it would give Madden any useful vision.



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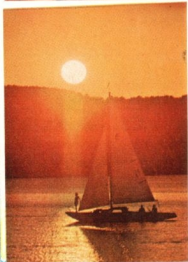
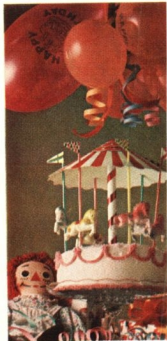
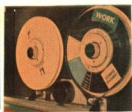


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ANTIQUES

Return of Yesterday's Artifacts

The clever ones call it "instant nostalgia," but others insist that it's just junk. The quest for the artifacts of yesterday, which has been indulged in by many Americans for years, has now reached epidemic proportions. Behold! A hot-air grate, raised on a walnut stand, becomes "sculpture." A chamber pot leaves its place under the bed and appears—lo!—as a soup tureen. Fortunate is the man who inherits a 1912 Corona typewriter or an Atwater-Kent radio in plywood Gothic style. They are also lucky who have—squirrelled away somewhere—cast-iron toys, lead molds, bubble-gum machines, wind-up phonographs, toy steam engines, pieces of farm machinery, embossed advertisements—in fact, any of the detritus of industrialism. It is wanted.

Antique stores now are full of the stuff. The U.S. Congress has ruled that an antique is something that dates back to at least 100 years. But with copiers and satellites, computers and jets compressing into minutes tasks that once took days, venerability has also accelerated. Manhattan Antique Dealer Sandy Burr holds an elegant wooden object, an art student's model of a woman's hand. "It has some age to it," he says. "Maybe 15 or 20 years."

"People are just getting nuts about things," says Ruth Boyd, a dealer in Portland, Me. Nudged by demand, a fantastic avalanche of bear traps, Ball mason jars, Prince Albert tobacco tins, grocery scales and mustache cups is pouring onto dealers' shelves. The rust and dust of their long exile in cellars

and attics are as carefully preserved as the patina on a Louis XV *fauteuil*. Green glass electric insulators, the kind still visible high on telephone poles in parts of the country, are selling briskly at about \$2.50 apiece from Poland, Me., to San Francisco; they are used inside homes as candlesticks, paperweights, *objets trouvés*. The boom has even reached old barbed wire. "There must have been a thousand manufacturers," says Antique Dealer Bob Smith in Chicago. "Each twisted the barbed wire in a different way as a trademark. People buy it to mount, like pictures, or for divider screens."

"It's a joke, really," says San Francisco Dealer Dorothy Dubovsky. There is nothing funny, though, about the price of some of these minor treasures. It is virtually impossible to buy a genuine brass spittoon because all but a few are already ensconced in places of honor in private homes. The porcelain heads used by phenologists 70 years ago (\$350) and the brightly colored enamel coffee pots of the 1890s (\$75) are so scarce that manufacturers are now busily and cheaply reproducing them. Fancy china Jim Beam bourbon bottles, cranked out in limited quantities in the 1950s and early '60s as gift items, now fetch as much as \$500 each—empty.

What Fun! Why do people buy such garbage? Part of the answer—a very small part—lies in the manic joy of collecting anything at all. A musician in St. Louis proudly told his favorite antique dealer, Norma Kappesser, that his collection of old vacuum cleaners is just about complete, so he is moving on—to washing machines. Then there are investors who hope to see some artifacts go up in value. Occasionally they score: a bottle made in 1876 by H. Hiram Ricker & Sons showing Moses striking the rock cost \$100 in 1935; it is now priced at \$1,200. But most of the objects are too numerous and too ugly to appreciate. "Besides," says Manhattan Dealer Richard Camp, "when the price becomes prohibitive, the fun is gone."

And what fun! If the late Dadaist Marcel Duchamp could present a bicycle wheel in 1913 as "ready-made" art, then a housewife in 1969 can surely set up a cast-iron penny peanut dispenser as pop art. "Why not?" asks Tom Geismar, a graphics designer in New York. "A lot of these old objects are better made, brighter and more charming than what is being sold as real art." Moreover, objects made between 1890 and 1929 tend to be lush with curves and swollen with ornamentation. Grotesque by severe Bauhaus standards, these same objects nicely complement Bauhaus architecture, softening the visual impact of stark walls, hard angles and bleak floors.

It takes a good eye, however, to use such antiques either as art or décor. Be-



OLD SIGNS AND STUFF IN SAN FRANCISCO
Pop goes the peanut dispenser.

reft of function, many objects—the iron seat off a 1933 plow, a mortuary table with an ominous groove running down its middle, a 1911 drugstore display rack for prophylactics—look pretentious or preposterous and will not provoke conversation so much as stop it dead in its tracks. A six-foot Coca-Cola bottle is at best a "camp" item. On the other hand, a silent-film poster that announces "Hazing the Honeymooners, A Unique Comedy Full of Laughter" may really spell out nostalgia.

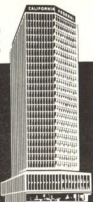
Meek Rebellion. Sentiment lies at the true heart of the urge to buy old objects. Unearthing these artifacts, even in an antique store, can be as personal as a poem. They are relics of a slower, more peaceful world, and each comes replete with a history. A railroad lantern with colored lenses is enough to send great locomotives chuffing down the tracks of the imagination. A monumental bronze cash register gets its burnish from human hands and, to some people, is therefore worthy of respect. If that seems absurd, it is a gentle absurdity in these hard-edged times.

In a sense, the soaring popularity of yesterday's hardware is also a meek rebellion against today's slick throwaway products. "Life has become so sterile," says Dorothy Skovelev, an insurance researcher in San Francisco. "Everything seems to be made on a 144-on-the-line cookie cutter." Indeed, what is the charm of a Water-Pic? Where is the personality of Kleenex, plastic glasses, transistor radios? "I often wonder what people will collect that is being made today," says Norma Kappesser. "I'm stumped." Artist John Phillips of Cos



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Cob, Conn., is ready with one answer: "There are some printed electronic circuits that look very much like the works of Paul Klee," he says. "Maybe even a little better."

THE HIGHWAY

Sand and Balloons

New highway and auto-safety measures often make the cure seem worse than the disease. Seat belts save 2,000 to 2,500 lives annually, estimates the National Safety Council; yet motorists have to be cajoled into buckling them instead of sitting on them. New super-highways eliminate dangerous curves and intersections while creating new hazards in the form of bridge piers, complicated cloverleaves and, not least, driver boredom. Two new devices offer relatively painless and inexpensive ways to reduce crash damage without placing new burdens on the motorist.

The Auto-Ceptor crash-restraint system is especially useful for drivers of minicars. In case of collision, big nitrogen-inflated nylon balloons pop out of the steering column and dashboard, pinning motorists to their seats and keeping them from flying through the windshield. They deflate immediately after a crash, leaving motorists free to get out. Developed by Eaton, Yale & Towne Inc., the balloons would replace shoulder straps, which few motorists use anyway (seat belts would still be needed for protection in rolling accidents). The Auto-Ceptor system works automatically: balloons inflate in one twenty-fifth of a second when the car's deceleration equals the rate that would occur on hitting a solid stone wall at 8 m.p.h. It is expected to cost about the same as belts and harnesses.

Crowded Dashboard. The Fitch Inertial Barrier System is designed to reduce damage from head-on collisions with fixed objects along the highway. Its principle is well known to operators of beach buggies: soft sand slows a vehicle down. In this system, large plastic drums of sand are grouped in front of bridge abutments, overpass piers, large sign stanchions and similar highway danger points. The drums break when hit by a speeding vehicle, absorbing much of the impact and scattering sand beneath the wheels to slow it further. Cheap and easy to install and replace, the Inertial Barrier System was invented by John Fitch, a former racing driver whose teammate accidentally killed himself and more than 80 spectators when he crashed through an old-fashioned race-track barrier at Le Mans, France.

The Auto-Ceptor system faces a two-to three-year delay before it sees even limited use. Major problem: finding space for the balloons in the already crowded dashboard area. Fitch's sand barrels, on the other hand, are being tested by the Connecticut State Highway Department, and New York and other states are interested in them.



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Où sont les belles filles?

Where are all the beautiful girls? Just look around you. They're everywhere. They practically grow on trees in the south of France. Or, more accurately, on the beaches. Look along *la Croisette* in Cannes, or the *Promenade des Anglais* in Nice. You'll see bathing beauties walking by ones, by twos, by the thousands. Or *Tahiti Plage*, the beach in St. Tropez where the first bikini was introduced. Or *la Plage Sportive* in Cannes. Lots of sun-worshipping stars, especially around Film Festival time.

When the sun goes down and the moon comes up, many lovely ladies exchange their beach towels for bar stools at the *Negresco Bar* in Nice or on the terrace of the *Carlton Hotel* in Cannes. Or for ringside tables at the *Proom Proom Night Club* in St. Tropez. But, you won't have any trouble. There are more beautiful girls on the Riviera than you can shake a cane at.

Où acheter les beaux cadeaux?

Once having found your lady love you'll naturally want to shower her with tokens of your affection. Baubles, bangles and a girl's best friend can be purchased in Cannes at *Cartier*. (Right next to the Carlton.) Also in Cannes: the finest perfumes in the

world from *Rimay 46, rue d'Antibes*. If your *petit chou* has a domestic streak, a lovely set of *Limoges china* will please her no end. Contact *les Romarins 327, route de Grasse*. If the girl of your dreams is a lover of the arts take her to *Vallauris* (13 miles from Cannes) so she can pick and you can buy beautiful bargains in art pottery and ceramics.

Où faire les belles promenades?

Take your girl on a romantic drive through some of the world's most spectacular seaside scenery. Driving east from Nice you have a choice of three main routes: the *Corniche Inferieure* takes you through the charming coastline villages of *Villeneuve-sur-Mer* and *St. Jean-Cap-Ferrat*. The *Moyenne Corniche* takes you through the village of *Eze*, built like an eagle's nest on a needle rock overlooking the sea. The *Grande Corniche* with its high, breathtaking panorama of the coast was laid out by the Romans as part of the *Aurelian Way*. Reminders of this can be seen en route at *la Turbie*.

Bon appétit

In the realm of wining and dining, you're right in the neighborhood of some of France's finest restaurants. Have dinner by candlelight, moonlight or love light at *Eden Roc*, the world-famous restaurant of the *Hôtel du Cap à Cap d'Antibes*. The view is almost enough to make you forget the superb cuisine. Almost, but not quite.

Or try the quiet, intimate *Chèvre d'Or* at Eze-Village halfway between Nice and Monaco. Its provençal cuisine is world-famous. Dinner with a view also at *le Château du Domaine Saint-Martin* in the village of *St. Paul-de-Vence*. In Nice: *Chez Paget 4-bis, rue Delye*. No view, but food that more than makes up for it.

Vocabulaire

sugar daddy: papa gâteau
my little chickadee: ma petite cocotte
my little cabbage: mon petit chou
anything your heart desires, my dear: tout ce que votre cœur désire, ma chérie

I'm old enough to be your father: je suis assez vieux pour être votre père

Bonne chance

You've won her heart but why stop there? Try your luck at the

world-famous *Casino in Monte Carlo*. The roulette tables give you better odds than anywhere else. (Only one zero on the wheel instead of two.) Place your bets in the *Salle Priée*. The stakes are higher and so are the admission fees. Or take your queen to the sport of kings. In *Cagnes-sur-Mer* (halfway between Antibes and Nice) is the *Hippodrome de la Côte*

d'Azur, an excellent parimutuel track where the fastest thoroughbreds from France and Italy run neck and neck.

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DANCE

BALLET

In the English Style

Among the world's great classical-dance companies, Leningrad's Kirov preserves with museum-like fidelity the ballet traditions of Imperial Russia. The New York City Ballet dazzles the eye with its athletic vigor and the astonishing choreographic virtuosity of its creator, George Balanchine. What Britain's Royal Ballet offers above all else is the English style. Style it indubitably is: the Royal's approach to dance is essentially lyrical rather than dramatic, narrative instead of abstract. It offers an almost invisible way of dancing that emphasizes detail-perfect simplicity and linear beauty rather than energy and showmanship. The Royal can often be cold, bloodless and impersonal, but at its best, it presents ballet that is marked by finish, accuracy and singing grace.

Last week, at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House, the Royal celebrated the 20th anniversary of its first U.S. tour with the American premières of two works that admirably displayed its body-English mode of dance. *Jazz Calendar*, the slighter piece, is a light-hearted series of variations on the old nursery rhyme that begins, "Monday's child is fair of face." Wednesday's child, who is "full of woe," is portrayed by Svetlana Beriosova as a studiously mournful, black-clad wraith, pursued by a clutching quartet of mottled, mock-serious snakes. Friday's children love and give—to each other—in the explicitly sexual writhings of Rudolf Nureyev and Alinea Sibley. The hard-working Saturday kids are a vivacious corps of

high-leaping male dance students finally practiced into exhaustion by a starchy, cane-wielding sergeant major of a ballet master.

Spirit and Place. A made-in-America company might bring more rhythmic pizzazz to *Calendar*; none but the Royal could evoke the special virtues of *Enigma Variations*. Based on the orchestral score by Sir Edward Elgar, the work is a nostalgic visualization of a half-remembered spirit and place: green and pleasant England at the end of Victoria's reign. Before a stunning set by Julia Trevelyan Oman that at once suggests the languor of an autumnal afternoon and the oaken mellowness of a Worcestershire estate, the Royal's dancers bring to life the Malvern Circle of friends whom Elgar referred to, by initials or nicknames, in his score: among them, the brusque, exuberant Troite (Anthony Dowell), the gay, pensive teenager Dorabella (Sibley), and the romantic, home-loving Lady Elgar (Beriosova). Center and focus of the piece is its grave ringmaster, Elgar (Derek Rencher), who is at once observer and participant in a demimonde of amity.

Both of the Royal's new works, appropriately, were created by Sir Frederick Ashton, the company's director since 1963 and, with Balanchine, one of the world's two finest living ballet choreographers. "If Fred is in the English tradition," says Dame Margot Fonteyn, "that is because he is the one who made it." Like Balanchine, though, Ashton began in the Russian tradition. Born in Ecuador, the son of a British businessman, he began studying ballet at the age of 18. Two years later, he worked with the company of Marie Rambert, for whom he produced his first piece of choreography—a disastrous dance number in a review for which Author A. P. Herbert wrote the book.

Great Give-and-Take. A specialist in character roles rather than a heroic soloist, Ashton took up choreography in earnest on a freelance basis in 1928. Eight years later, as a member of the Vic-Wells Company (which became the Sadler's Wells and ultimately the Royal Ballet), he produced his first role for Fonteyn, in a ballet called *Apparitions*. It was the beginning of a relationship that has persisted through 25 works. They range from romance, as in *Nocturne* (1936), with its archetypal flower girl, to exuberant comedy, as in his still hilarious version of Gertrude Stein's story *The Wedding Bouquet* (1937). "It has been a great give-and-take," he says of the long relationship with Margot. "She always carried my concept of things one step further. She has that remarkable instinct for what is apt and right."

Ashton has composed more than 100 dances, including five, evening-long, full-length ballets, 37 of which are still in the active Royal repertoire. At first ballets came to him, he has written, "freely and spontaneously and without much



SIBLEY & NUREYEV IN "CALENDAR"
Friday's children.

thought; the steps just flowed out of me, and if they had any shape or form at all, generally it was because the music already had it." Now there is considerably more reflection, and without the right music, Ashton is often at a loss. The theme for *Marguerite and Armand*, composed for Nureyev and Fonteyn in 1963, had been in his mind for some time, but for want of appropriate music he had put it aside. One day, in his bath, he heard on the radio the finish of a piece that seemed just right. Wildly excited, he called the BBC, found out that it was Liszt's B-Minor Sonata. Soon he began composing the dance.

Repertory of Motion. The creative moves of Balanchine reflect the entire spectrum of ancient and modern dance; as a choreographer, Ashton much prefers to design within the sonnet-like limitations of classical ballet's repertory of motion. Nonetheless, he hates repetition. When he noticed that ballets seemed to be displaying a plethora of lifts, he wrote a *pas de deux* for Fonteyn in *Birth-Death Offering* without a single elevation. Currently, he notes, dancers seem to be spending more and more time on the floor. The next Ashton ballet is not likely to have a single prostrate moment.

A droll, Cowardly, lionized bachelor of 62, Ashton next year will give up his administrative duties with the Royal Ballet to concentrate on choreography. He has in mind to do something with Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*, and perhaps dramatize a short story by Henry James. Whatever he next designs, it will almost certainly be presented first by the company whose style he has done so much to form. "I really don't like to go around selling my work," he says. "I like the Royal Ballet. I want to keep my creative energies pretty much for them."

For its part, thanks to the impressive repertory he has created, the Royal will continue to devote a lot of its creative energies to Ashton.



ASHTON AT REHEARSAL
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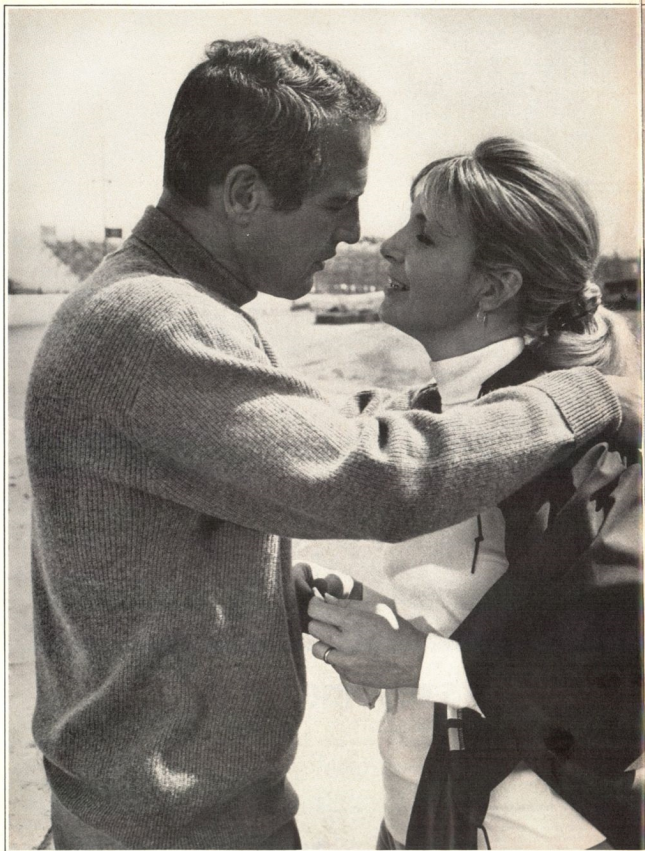
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HORSE RACING

Beauty and the Beast

The field for this week's 95th Kentucky Derby may well be the smallest since nine thoroughbreds ran for the roses in 1963. Not that the 1969 crop of three-year-olds is unimpressive. It is just that the Derby promises to be a runaway race between two strapping chestnut colts—one an undefeated sprinter from the West, the other an erratic stretch runner out of the East.

Charming Prince. The early 6-to-5 favorite in what is being billed as the "Battle of the Big Two" is Majestic Prince, grandson of the great Native Dancer

and finest jockey in history (6,026 victories in 32,406 starts) and now the horse's trainer. Says Johnny: "Hartack is so high on this colt he comes out to work him in the mornings, and you know how many name jocks do that." Even his blacksmith finds the Prince charming. "His hoofs," says Bill Bane, "are as perfect a set as I've been privileged to work with for many a year."

Ugly Colt. The horse that is expected to be hot on those well-turned hoofs is Top Knight, a 2-to-1 contender who is shorter on looks but longer on earnings. Last season's top two-year-old, he has won seven times in 13 starts for total winnings of \$511,921.

MAJESTIC PRINCE, LEVITON-ATLANTA



MAJESTIC PRINCE

But the outsiders could make history repeat.

and a winner in all seven of his races. In the \$132,200 Santa Anita Derby, Jockey Bill Hartack all but hauled in the reins going down the stretch and the Prince still won by eight lengths, the widest margin of victory in the 32-year history of the event.

Nicknamed "the Ham" because he likes to pose for pictures, the copper-toned colt impresses everybody with his appearance as well as his record. His breeder, Leslie Combs II of Spendrift Farm in Lexington, Ky., raves: "He has looks. He has speed. He has courage. And, most important, he has done everything right from the very start." Majestic Prince has certainly done right by Combs, who sold him as a yearling in 1967 for the then record price of \$250,000* to Frank McMahon, a Vancouver, B.C., industrialist.

Majestic Prince was recommended to McMahon by no less a judge of horseflesh than Johnny Longden, 62, the win-



DAVID BURNETT

TOP KNIGHT

Though he has faltered in a few races, Top Knight has won impressively against a far better class of competition than Majestic Prince has faced. In his last outing at Gulfstream Park, Top Knight won by five lengths in a field that included four Derby contenders.

Son of Vertex, who sired 1965 Derby Winner Lucky Debonair, Top Knight was a "very ugly, gangly colt," with a reputation for gimpy legs. "He may be a little odd-looking," admits Trainer Ray Metcalf. "Nobody particularly liked him—until he started putting those \$100,000 purses in the bank."

Though the Derby may shape up as a classic contest of Beauty v. Beast, few touts with a memory are willing to concede that it is strictly a match race. There have been Big Two Derbies before, such as Candy Spots v. No Robbery in 1963, and Damascus v. Ruken in 1967. None of those favorites won. This year, at least half a dozen outsiders could make history repeat itself, including Dike, a 6-to-1 shot by virtue of his victory in the \$110,900 Wood Me-

morial at Aqueduct, and Arts and Letters, who bested Top Knight during the winter season.

Last week, Longden seemed less concerned with talk of the Big Two than with winning the Big Three—the Derby, Preakness and Belmont. "Majestic Prince," he says flatly, "will win the Triple Crown." If he or Top Knight does, it will be the first time a three-year-old has accomplished the feat since Citation did it in 1948.

BASEBALL

The Return of No. 9

On a chill, leaden afternoon nine years ago, Ted Williams came to bat for the last time in the final Boston Red Sox home game. As he had done so often in 19 storied seasons, Williams stroked a towering home run. Preferring to leave baseball as he had played it—with unsurpassed style—he retired on the spot.

Last week Williams, 50, returned to Boston's Fenway Park as the rookie manager of the Washington Senators. It was in that ballpark that he became known as Terrible Ted, throwing bats, spitting in derision, cursing unfriendly sportswriters and refusing to tip his hat to the crowd. It was there, too, that he became the Splendid Splinter, forging a formidable lifetime batting average of .344 and hitting 521 home runs. Thus, as the familiar, slouching figure with the big No. 9 on his back stepped onto the field last week, the crowd of 28,972 gave him a long standing ovation. Williams gave the Boston fans little else to cheer about. His charges bunched together twelve hits and defeated the Red Sox 9-7. Afterward, he could only say: "It's great to be back."

A Whole New Ball Game. Actually, he never left. One of the game's greatest technicians, he relived baseball with all the ardor of a stuffed-chair general hashing over the old battles. Even on those long, languid afternoons of bone-fishing off the Florida Keys, Williams would start lecturing on the finer points of hitting, and would get so excited that he would jump up and start rocking his hips—and the boat—as he leaned into an imaginary fastball.

Now that Williams is back in uniform, nothing has changed. He is still holding classes on the dynamics of the knuckleball—only now he is getting paid \$65,000 a season for it. No tutor ever had more enraptured pupils, or ones so in need of help. The team he inherited finished dead last in the American League last year. So Williams told them to forget the past, which was easy, considering that the Senators have not won a pennant in 36 years. He urged them to take up the team's new battle cry: "It's a whole new ball game in '69!"

Well, sort of. What Williams' tutelage comes down to is a brushup on the basics, a touch of inspiration and lots of positive thinking. "Nobody knows that little game between the pitcher and the batter better than I do," he

* Since surpassed by the sale of Reine Echanteur for \$405,000 in 1968.

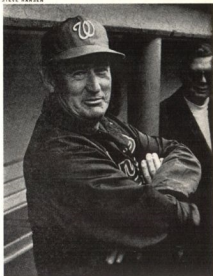
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MANAGER WILLIAMS
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says. At practice sessions, he stations himself behind the batting cage, shouting for Catcher Paul Casanova to choke up on the bat, commanding Shortstop Eddie Brinkman to "swing at strikes, dammit, strikes. Wait for the good pitch. And listen, the base on balls is a hell of a play." For the pitchers, there are lessons on what makes a curve ball curve. Camilo Pascual has it down pat. "Thee speening of thee ball," he says on cue, "creates a deferential of pressure."

Booming and Banging. The only pressure the Senators are feeling these days is trying to live up to the handy dictums of "No. 9," as they reverently refer to Williams. Brinkman, who hit a pathetic .187 last year, keeps reminding himself to "meet the ball, meet the ball." In the season's opener he did, getting two hits. "I think that's significant as hell," says Williams. "Why? Because Brinkman thinks it is, that's why." "No. 9 told me to get more hip in my swing," says Casanova, recalling the game in which he swiveled into a pitch and belted a home run. "I ran the bases, and each step I asked myself if this really was happening."

All the Senators talk that way; but if they sound like little-leaguers, they are playing like big-leaguers for a change. Last week, though they were hardly a pennant threat, they were holding their own in the tough Eastern division. No one is prouder of the new Senators than Williams. "They're picking and packing and booming and banging. They look great." So does Williams. He is making believers out of all the cynics who predicted that he would be back bonefishing by midseason. "I'm not going to quit and neither are my 25 ballplayers," he says. "I forgot how enthusiastic I could get about this game." If the game that was once known as America's national pastime needs anything it is that sort of enthusiasm.

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THE LAW

ORGANIZED CRIME

Ganging Up on the Mob

During his campaign, Richard Nixon pledged to escalate drastically the federal war on organized crime. Last week he announced his battle plan. Though less electrifying than some might have wished and more eclectic than the Administration wishes to admit (it borrows heavily from Lyndon Johnson's proposals), it was a thoughtful and impressive start. Nixon asked Congress for \$61 million for the task—or \$25 million more than the Johnson Administration had requested. Part of the extra funds will be used to hire more FBI agents and federal prosecutors and start a special Labor Department investigation of mob influence in unions.

Even more useful than the money, perhaps, was the President's firm support of some relatively new methods of ganging up on the Mafia, which controls most of the nation's gambling, loan-sharking, and drug distribution. The organized criminal, said the President, "corrupts our governing institutions and subverts our democratic processes. For him, the moral and legal subversion of our society is a lifelong and lucrative profession." The Government's traditionally oblique line of attack used to be income tax violations, but big-time hoodlums have learned to keep their books in order. In the last few years, therefore, law-enforcement officials have been trying a variety of different approaches. Three—all endorsed by Nixon—seem particularly inventive and promising.

• **STRIKE FORCE:** In the past, while a single Mafia family or group of families coordinated most of the major crime

in an area, law officers would be working, often at cross-purposes, on different parts of the empire. Now the cops are learning to organize as effectively as the robbers. Three years ago, Henry Petersen, the Justice Department's chief racketeer buster, created "Strike Force," a team of lawyers and investigators from different Government law-enforcement branches. The first group of twelve men was sent early in 1967 into Buffalo, N.Y. to blitz the firmly entrenched Mafia operation of Stefano Magaddino. Stefano's son Peter, in whose home agents found more than \$500,000 in cash as well as a clutch of weapons, has been prosecuted, among others, as a result of their efforts. Similar Strike Forces have now been set up in seven other cities, and so far, 320 indictments have been filed—and 60 convictions obtained—as a result of the teams' efforts. Nixon's organized-crime message proposed putting Strike Forces into a total of 20 cities.

• **THE IMMUNITY SQUEEZE:** In recent years, some local and federal prosecutors have begun to grant immunity from prosecution to an increasing number of criminals—whether they want it or not—to make them break their oath of *omerta* and talk. Normally, any witness can refuse to talk on the grounds that his answer may incriminate him. But the Fifth Amendment only permits a man to remain silent if his words might be used against him in criminal court; there is no constitutional guarantee to absolute silence. Thus, if a man refuses to talk after a grand jury agrees to remove the threat of prosecution, he can be jailed for contempt of court.

The danger of the technique is that the witness may take what is known as

an "immunity bath." Once a hoodlum is immunized, he may then confess to a dozen murders, but in all likelihood can never be prosecuted for any of them. Even so, more and more prosecutors are taking the chance, partly because it gives them a handle for some sort of action. Currently, only certain types of federal investigations can make use of the immunity tool. Nixon last week asked Congress to enact an immunity statute that would apply to probes into federal crimes of every kind.

• **ANTITRUST ACTIONS:** Criminal law contains many sweeping guarantees to protect the accused. But in civil law, where usually only money is at stake, the guarantees are fewer. Attorney General John Mitchell and others are beginning to make use of the fact that where a criminal prosecution may be impossible, a civil suit is not. Mitchell is particularly anxious to apply antitrust theories against organized criminals. Two weeks ago, Senator John McClellan introduced legislation with that in mind. Since the idea received approval in the Nixon message, some version of it seems likely to pass.

One large advantage of civil proceedings is that a jury must only conclude that a defendant is more likely than not to have done what he is accused of; in criminal cases, a jury must be sure beyond a reasonable doubt. Still another advantage is that a verdict against a racketeer can result in an injunction against his illegal activity, a forced breaking up of his operation, or confiscation of all the property involved. Thus, if a Mafia family is found to control a city's jukebox industry in violation of antitrust laws, all the jukeboxes, warehouses and delivery trucks can be seized. This may well be a more effective way of stopping an enterprise than putting a few easily replaceable men in jail.

THE SUPREME COURT

Dooming the Dragnet

After an 86-year-old white woman was raped in Meridian, Miss., in 1965, she could say only that her assailant was a Negro youth. During the next ten days, Meridian police resorted to the "dragnet" technique—stopping and questioning nearly 75 young Negroes at random. Many were fingerprinted, questioned and released. The Fourth Amendment bars any search or seizure without probable cause. But as it turned out, the fingerprints of one of the Negroes, John Davis, then 14, matched a set found on the windowsill of the victim's home. He was tried and subsequently convicted.

Last week, by a vote of six to two, the Supreme Court reversed Davis' conviction and, in effect, declared the practice of dragnet arrests unconstitutional. More surprising to lawyers, the court held that any evidence—including fingerprints—gathered as a result of dragnets is inadmissible. Though the de-



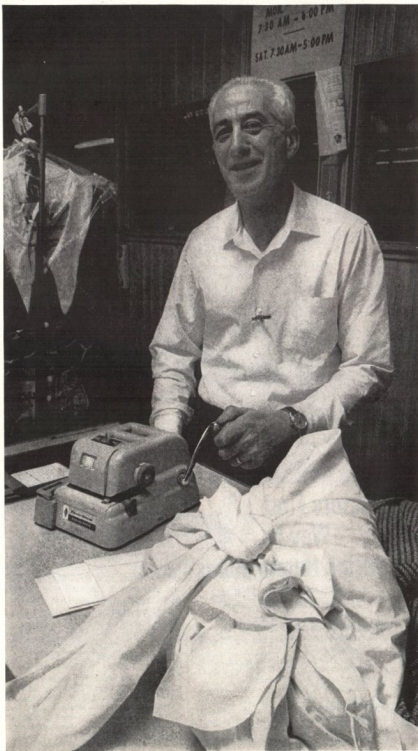
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cision was overshadowed by the implications of the court's voiding of state-residency requirements for welfare recipients (see THE NATION), it could eventually have considerable impact on police procedures.

Wholesale Intrusions. In the Davis case, the state contended that because the detention occurred during the investigatory rather than accusatory stage, there was no need to establish probable cause. Not so, wrote Justice William Brennan; to allow such investigatory seizures "would subject unlimited numbers of innocent persons to harassment and ignominy. Nothing is more clear than that the Fourth Amendment was meant to prevent wholesale intrusions on the personal security of our citizenry, whether these intrusions be termed 'arrests' or 'investigatory detentions.'" Since the seizure was improper, Brennan continued, the resulting fingerprints could not be used in evidence.*

Wholesale detentions are a common tool of investigation, and doubtless have value. While placing its emphasis on the dozens of innocent people who are seriously inconvenienced by the practice, the court made it clear that it hoped the police would find another way of sifting out suspects. Whether the police will do so, however, is uncertain. As Justice Potter Stewart pointed out in dissent, even if a suspect's prints were obtained improperly, the police might be able to reearrest him properly later and take his fingerprints then. That being so, it may be some time before police are willing to abandon as handy a device as the dragnet.

POLICE

Saving Face

Nudity in magazines, on the stage and in the movies has become a vexatious issue for just about everybody. For the Houston police force, however, the problem recently assumed particular urgency. It seems that a number of women were asked to identify an exhibitionist. His usual *modus operandi* was to appear unclad in an apartment corridor, punch a doorbell, stand there grinning when a woman answered—and then run. When a suspect was captured, some of the victims protested that they might not be able to recognize him in the line-up with clothes on. Deciding that it would be unfair to the innocent to stand there in the nude, Houston's cops ruled that the line-up would be barefaced only. Sure enough, there was no identification. Next time the exhibitionist strikes, his victim will just have to remember to pay more attention to his smile.

* The decision recalls last month's dragnet episode in Detroit (TIME, April 11). After a policeman was killed, 142 Negroes were taken to police headquarters. A local judge, George Crockett, declared the mass arrests illegal and released all but two. The police were enraged, but Judge Crockett appears to have anticipated the high court's reasoning.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Parnelli Jones, 35, ace racing driver, winner of the 1963 Indianapolis 500 and by his own estimate "a few hundred" other races, and Judy Thompson Jones, 27: their first child, a boy; in Torrance, Calif.

Divorced. By Cass Elliott, 25, the voluminous crystal-voiced mama of the Mamas and the Papas, now making it on her own: Singer-Songwriter James R. Hendricks, 29; on ground of cruelty (Mama Cass said, "He became more jealous as I became more famous and used to create scenes, throw tantrums and embarrass me in front of my friends"); after 5½ years of marriage, on: child; in Los Angeles.

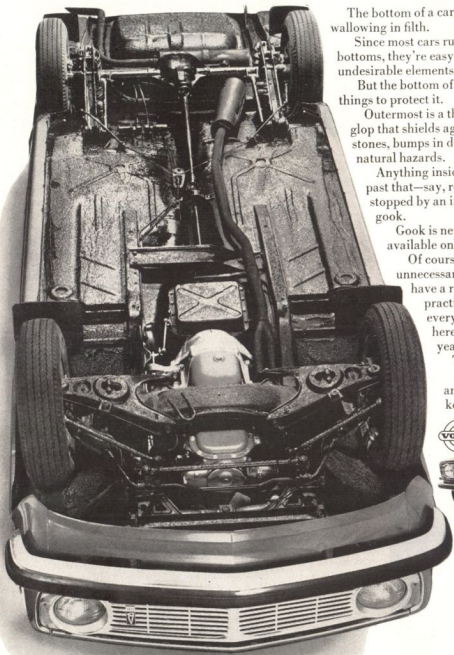
Divorced. Martin E. Revson, 58, president of Revson Chemical Co. and younger brother of Cosmetics Magnate Charles Revson; by Julie Phelps Revson, 54; after 31 years of marriage (5½ of stormy separation) and four children; in Manhattan. On the day of the divorce, Revson married Eleanor Carmel, an attractive New York divorcee.

Died. Eugene W. Kettering, 60, son of the auto industry's late Charles F. Kettering, who followed his father's footsteps, both as a General Motors executive and open-handed philanthropist; of heart failure after emergency surgery; in Manhattan. Kettering spent 23 years at G.M., contributed significantly to the development of the modern diesel locomotive. He retired in 1959, devoted himself to Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research (co-founded by his father) and launched the Charles F. Kettering Memorial Hospital in Dayton, Ohio.

Died. Amparo Iturbi, 70, José Iturbi's younger sister and a piano virtuoso in her own right; of a brain tumor; in Beverly Hills. Though overshadowed by her brother, Amparo carved out a successful career with orchestras in the U.S. and abroad; she won special acclaim for her interpretations of Granados' difficult "Goyescas."

Died. Rolfe Humphries, 74, translator and poet whose renderings of the classics (notably Virgil's *Aeneid* and Ovid's *The Art of Love*) won acclaim; of diverticulitis; in Redwood City, Calif. Humphries' translations combined the best qualities of scholar and poet: a rare sense of artistry, humor and language; his own poetry was less well received by critics, though readers enjoyed such quiet poems as "No Enemy":
Praise to this winter, for its prison-hold
On summer's hostage sun, and captive light!
When branches crack like cannon in the cold,
Hear the austere artillery of night.

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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Japanese Air Force

The Japanese plane nosed through heavy rain toward the black waters of the Sea of Japan, leveled off at 300 ft. and closed in on the broad deck and square bridge of the U.S. aircraft carrier *Enterprise*. Pilot Satoru Kumon tensed as A-4 Skyhawk fighter-bombers rose from the flattop to meet him. But he plunged ahead to circle the carrier and position one of his two companions for sure, close shots of the huge ship. Then, unharmed, the three Japanese fled toward their home base on Kyushu.

No World War II exploit, the flight was instead the latest example of the effectiveness of the private air force owned and operated by Japanese newspapers. Pilot Kumon flies full time for *Asahi*, Japan's largest daily (circ. 5,350,000), and his flight last week brought the world its first news, complete with pictures, of the U.S. Navy's massive move to protect electronic spy missions off Korea. His crewman's photographs of the U.S. carrier gave *Asahi* a brief edge in Japan's intense press rivalry, but some ten other press planes, including those of the rival dailies *Yomiuri*, *Mainichi* and *Sankei*, also patrolled the sea last week for pictures and news breaks. In all, Japanese newspapers now own and operate more than 30 planes, from Beechcraft Twin-Bonanzas to Piper Super Cubs and helicopters.*

Process In Flight. Almost daily, the planes hurdle Japan's clogged highways to cover fires, floods, shipping accidents and other news events and still return

* *Asahi* has nine aircraft, *Yomiuri* eight, *Mainichi* seven, *Chunichi* five, *Sankei* two.

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KAPLOW

A certain arm's length can be wholesome.

in time to meet competitive deadlines. "They are as indispensable as the walkie-talkie and the reporter's pencil," claims Shiro Hara, managing editor of *Yomiuri*. Many of the aircraft are equipped to process film in flight, then transmit it to newspaper offices via mobile radiophoto equipment. When a disaster breaks, speed is so important that most of the papers' airport mechanics are also trained to fill in as photographers. The dailies even use vacant lots near their offices as sites on which to drop negatives from helicopters when time permits. *Asahi* spends \$694,000 a year on its air fleet, including the salaries of twelve pilots, 21 maintenance personnel and 30 other aides. "The greater the competition, the more planes we simply have to have," explains one *Asahi* official.

Japan's gadget-minded, scoop-chasing editors are convinced it all pays off. *Mainichi*'s newsmen still gloat about a photo they got of the Rising Sun replacing the Stars and Stripes over Iwo Jima last summer, even though the ceremony marking the return of Japanese sovereignty ended just 15 minutes before the paper's evening deadline. As the ceremony ended, a Beechcraft took off from Iwo Jima, 775 miles south of Tokyo, and negatives were processed aboard. Another plane sped toward Iwo, received the photos by radio when the planes were 250 miles apart, then turned toward Hachijo Jima, 175 miles south of Tokyo. While still in the air, the second plane radioed the pictures to a ground station at Hachijo, which then transmitted them to Tokyo by undersea cable. No other evening paper perceived that historic event.

Some U.S. newspapers own aircraft, but none has so many or uses them so regularly in news gathering as the largest Japanese dailies. *Yomiuri*'s Hara has a point when he needles the major use of company planes by U.S. publishers. "We never fly executives—only reporters and photographers," he says.

REPORTERS

Guarded White House

The first 100 days of an Administration may not be time enough to chart a new course for Government, but it is long enough to shake up—and shake down—the nation's prime President-watchers: the White House press corps. Some new reportorial figures have already begun to stand out in even that elite group, and the entire corps now has a good notion of what to expect from Richard Nixon. Compared with covering Jack Kennedy or Lyndon Johnson, these newsmen are finding their work more regular, less exciting and, for those trying to report in depth, much more difficult.

Nixon's orderly approach to running the Government allows White House reporters to plan their day; all they have to do is check the presidential schedule. They know when to pack their travel bags, when to expect a weekend at home. Gone are Johnson's impromptu press conferences and his sudden take-offs for Texas. Gone also is the spice of the unexpected, the spontaneity of a Kennedy quip or a Johnson sermonette. There is less news out of the Nixon White House, but when it comes, it is more likely to be substantive, less apt to be intriguing.

With Nixon, there is no confusion about which of his remarks can be published and which cannot; there is no difference between his public statements and private remarks. He plays no press favorites, tends to hold the entire corps at arm's length. Newsmen thus have little fear that they will be used, seduced, or played off against one another. If Nixon regards the press as a friendly adversary rather than an auxiliary tool of Government, his relative aloofness also means that reporters must work harder to scratch the smooth White House veneer and find what lies beneath it. So far, key presidential aides have proved to be much more wary of candid rev-

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elations than those of the past two Administrations.

The task of chasing news at a more guarded White House has been eagerly tackled by numerous newcomers assigned to the job with the shift in command. Three men stand out as the most impressive among the new arrivals:

- **THE NEW YORK TIMES'S ROBERT B. SEMPLE JR.** Simultaneously witty and scholarly, Semple, 32, came to the *Times's* Washington bureau six years ago from the *National Observer*. A smooth writer and sharp analyst, he replaced Veteran Max Frankel (who became Washington bureau chief) at the White House in January. Although Semple does not get from Nixon the sort of spoon-feeding that L.B.J. used to give the *Times*, he has developed solid White House sources and used them to produce, for example, the most revealing backstage report of how Nixon arrived at his ABM decision. He was the first newspaper reporter to pin down the exact makeup of the Nixon Cabinet, detail Nixon's plans for handling his personal finances while President and predict the appointment of National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger.

- **WASHINGTON POST'S DON OBERDORFER.** Assigned to Nixon ever since the *Post* hired him away from the then dying *Saturday Evening Post* last year, Oberdorfer, 37, writes a perceptive and critical weekly column. He also covers breaking news. He was one of the first reporters to convey Nixon's style of operation, probe the efforts to change Spiro Agnew's image and note Senator Strom Thurmond's lack of power in the new Administration. A somewhat stuffy writer, Oberdorfer has nevertheless conveyed his impatience with the slow pace of Government under Nixon. As the headline on one of his columns glibed, he also feels that "Nixon's Change in Direction Is Not Necessarily Forward."

- **NBC'S HERB KAPLOW.** Probably the most aggressive news questioner at presidential press conferences, Kaplow, 42, effectively employs his broadcast-trained voice to push Press Secretary Ron Ziegler hard at daily briefings. He has covered Nixon longer than any of the other new reporters, has interviewed him frequently since his 1956 vice-presidential campaign. A 14-year network veteran, Kaplow thinks quickly, and manages to capsule presidential news neatly in the limited time he has on the air.

The newcomers, as well as most veterans, seem fascinated by the mystery of the true nature of the emerging presidential Nixon. "None of us know this man very well," says Oberdorfer. Yet few fault him for his relative distance from the press. "A certain arm's-length position is a wholesome one on the part of press and President," says Peter Lisagor, who has been covering the White House for the *Chicago Daily News* since the Eisenhower days. "If we're too close, we lose our detachment, and if he's too close, we keep seeing all the warts."



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BUSINESS

NIXON'S TAX PACKAGE: A MODEST START ON REFORM

FOR an Administration that prides itself on careful deliberation, last week's tax proposals were put together with rather uncomfortable haste. Presenting the Nixon program to the tax-writing House Ways and Means Committee, Treasury Under Secretary Charles E. Walker sounded almost apologetic when Chairman Wilbur Mills complained that the plan touched only a few tax inequities. "We have tried to

two "high priority programs": tax credits to encourage investment in the turbulent ghettos and the sharing of federal revenues with hard-pressed state and local governments.

Reshuffling the Burden. The "most critical problem," said Assistant Treasury Secretary (for tax policy) Edwin Cohen at the House hearings, is to maintain "confidence in the tax structure." Nixon's program seeks to do that by reshuffling some \$4 billion in tax liabilities without much altering the \$165 billion federal income-tax take. Thus the impact on the inflation-ridden U.S. economy is likely to be small. The main thrust, as Nixon described it, is to "lighten the burden on those who pay too much, and increase the taxes of those who pay too little." He added: "We shall never make taxation popular, but we can make taxation fair."

Beyond the extra \$1.8 billion a year in spendable income that Americans stand to retain if the surtax is reduced, only a few of Nixon's reforms would benefit the middle-income taxpayer. To help the poor, the Administration proposes a "low-income allowance." It would reduce the taxes now paid by the 5,300,000 Americans (of a total of 26 million) whose annual incomes are near the official poverty line (\$3,535 for a family of four). Some 2,000,000 families would be excused from taxes altogether. Above the poverty line, low-income persons and families would pay taxes at reduced rates. A family of four would begin paying taxes only at the \$3,500-a-year income level, instead of at \$3,000 under the present law; even then, it would not pay the full tax rate until its income reached \$4,500 a year. By Treasury estimate, such relief would save low-income taxpayers about \$700 million a year.

Closing the Loopholes. To offset part of that loss, Nixon would close some of the controversial loopholes used by the wealthy to avoid taxes. The most spectacular item is a proposed limit on tax preferences—or LTP, as alphabet-minded Washington dubbed it. It would place a 50% ceiling on the amount of a taxpayer's income above \$10,000 that is eligible for favored treatment. Income would have to include the appreciated value of property donated to charity, and the ceiling would restrict the amount of deductions that a taxpayer could take for 1) oil-depletion allowances and intangible drilling costs, 2) excessive farm losses, and 3) rapid depreciation of real estate holdings. Nixon would also require taxpayers with more than \$10,000 of tax-preferred income (including long-term capital gains) to allocate itemized nonbusiness tax deductions between their preferred and or-

dinary income. Total revenue gain: \$500 million a year.

Treasury officials insist that the two schemes would have imposed tax liability on nearly all of the 155 taxpayers who paid nothing in 1967 despite incomes that exceeded \$200,000. Even so, Mills and other Congressmen criticized the Administration for proposing no curbs on big incomes derived from lightly taxed capital gains

WALTER DENNETT



COHEN & WALKER

Never popular, but perhaps fair.



"IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF IT'S GOING TO LET UP"

meet some of these things head-on," Walker conceded. "But after all, we have had less than 100 days."

Despite its 19-item brevity, the Nixon package calls for changes of considerable social—and perhaps political—consequence. It revives the nation's dormant movement toward greater income equality by proposing to tax rich tax avoiders more and to excuse the very poor, students and summer-job holders from paying any federal income taxes at all. In two surprise proposals, the President asked that the 1968 income tax surcharge be cut from 10% to 5% next January and that the 7% tax credit now allowed businessmen who invest in new productive capacity be repealed. That amounts to a sophisticated redistribution of tax burdens, with business losing and consumers gaining. Recognizing that taxation is a powerful instrument for setting and reaching national goals, the President pledged that the next step would be a "start" on

or tax-free interest on state and local bonds. Walker defended the omissions. Higher taxes on capital gains might cripple private investment and so require more study, he said; and there are constitutional questions about Washington's right to tax municipal securities.

Other Administration proposals chip away at a variety of much-abused tax devices. These include some debt-securities popular with conglomerates, such tax shelters as farm losses and certain trust income. Another target is "multiple subsidiaries"—a method by which some companies split up into myriad separate firms to take advantage of the lower tax rates (22% v. 48%) imposed on businesses with less than \$25,000 income. Nixon also took aim at some wild abuses by tax-exempt organizations. Among other things, private foundations would be required to substantiate their charitable activities and be barred from financial dealings with contributors, directors or other insiders. The investment in-

come of social clubs and other tax-exempt organizations would be taxed. Churches would have to pay taxes on income earned by businesses they own or operate.

Under the new plan, tax rules would be relaxed in a couple of areas. The 30% limit on the amount of charitable contributions an individual can deduct from his income in most circumstances would go up to 50%. Tax deductions for moving at the behest of an employer would be substantially liberalized, permitting such costs as house hunting, temporary lodging or breaking a lease to be written off up to a limit of \$2,500 per move.

Balanced Impact. Despite considerable grumbling among businessmen, repeal of the 7% investment tax credit seems almost sure to win congressional approval. Once a supporter of the tax credit, Nixon changed his mind last month after surveys showed that corporate spending on new plant and equipment was heading for an inflationary 14% gain this year. Its immediate repeal is intended to make a slowdown in actual corporate spending mesh with the time next year when a lowered tax surcharge would give consumers more pocket money.

Without question, repeal of the tax credit will crimp the profits of companies in capital-intensive industries. On Wall Street, which generally shrugged off the tax announcement, that prospect depressed stock prices among construction firms, computer-leasing companies, steelmakers and airlines which are in the midst of a costly modernization program. Some small and medium-sized firms may well choose to curtail their factory expansion. At General Motors, the tax credit amounted to \$39 million last year, or nearly 4% of its profits. But G.M. does not plan to cut back on its \$1.1 billion spending program (up 28% from last year).

Glaring Omission. The Democratic-controlled Congress seems more kindly disposed to Nixon's package than business is. Still, there was little applause from Ways and Means, where Mills hopes to hammer out much more substantial reforms than the President asked for. One particularly glaring omission is the 27½% oil-depletion allowance which Mills maintains has become such a symbol of privilege that it is an essential ingredient of any tax reform.

Mills also faults the Administration's approach to loophole closing as merely papery over tax-system defects that ought to be attacked through more basic changes. The Administration concedes that it has made only a "first stage" effort, to be followed by fuller reform recommendations by the Treasury this fall. Though it disappoints tax-reform idealists, the modest first stage balances the claims of opposing interests deftly enough to make it politically palatable. It also goes much further toward genuine tax reform than almost anyone had expected.

THE ECONOMY

A Persistent Fever

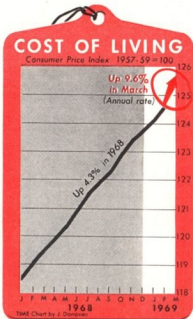
For all the medicine that the Government has prescribed, the nation's economy has not yet begun to shake its inflationary fever. Businessmen have a hearty appetite for expansion—and it is not likely to be spoiled by President Nixon's plans to drop the investment tax credit. The stock market remains steady despite such worries as the war, the balance of payments and the prospects of a pinch on profits. While complaining about high prices, the consumer keeps on buying.

Last week the Government announced that prices rose at a faster rate during March than in any other month since

dustury rose 14% above their level of a year earlier.

Consumer prices may rise more slowly in the months ahead. One indication is that wholesale prices were moving up only modestly during April, in contrast with strong advances during several earlier months. Soft-wood lumber prices, for example, jumped by 6½% in March, but have begun falling again. For the moment, however, high prices are hurting not only the consumer but the exporter. The U.S. balance of payments, which was \$990 million in the black at the end of last year, is expected to show a large deficit for the first quarter of the year. The important trade balance may be in the red, partly because of the winter dock strike, but also because of the high cost of U.S. goods to foreign buyers.

White House economists nevertheless maintain that the economy is performing close to their expectations. They contend that it normally takes about six months before monetary and fiscal measures begin to affect prices. "We must recognize the narrow social tolerances within which economic policy must operate," says Chairman Paul McCracken of the Council of Economic Advisers. "The cold-turkey treatment of sharp deflation is not available in the modern world." If the spring fever proves resistant, the Government's cures should, along with the anticipated seasonal slack, begin to show some results by summer.



the peak of the Korean War inflation. The increase was 0.8%, which, if continued at the same rate for a year, would bring an overall price advance of almost 10%.

Portent of Decline. The consumer price index, of course, is a better indicator of the past than of the future direction of the economy. Says Economist Arnold Chase, assistant commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics: "Prices tend to coast up even after the economy has begun to cool off. There has been no fuel added to the fire for several months." Several special circumstances, moreover, contributed to the March price increases. One was the fact that high interest rates were suddenly included in the figure for home ownership costs. Prices for used cars, which swung downward temporarily last year, rebounded sharply to their former levels. Food rose by 0.4% and clothing by 0.6%. Higher prices did not deter shoppers from buying spring fashions; March sales in the apparel in-

EXECUTIVES

Exit for Wolfson

Louis Wolfson, who a decade ago controlled a \$400 million industrial empire, accepted a painful verdict last week. Although a last-gasp technical appeal from a denial of a motion for a new trial is still pending in the case, the 57-year-old Miami Beach multimillionaire reported to Eglin Air Force Base near Pensacola, Fla., to begin serving a one-year prison sentence for illegally selling unregistered stock.

The son of an immigrant junk dealer, St. Louis-born Wolfson rose to prominence during the '50s by expanding Merritt-Chapman & Scott, a heavy-construction company, into shipbuilding, paint making and chemicals as an early conglomerate. His unsuccessful attempt in 1955 to win control of Montgomery Ward won him a reputation as a controversial corporate raider. Later he managed to become the largest stockholder in American Motors Corp., which was then headed by George Romney, now Secretary of Housing and Urban Development.

Merritt-Chapman ran into a series of financial reverses and was already on the way to liquidation when a federal grand jury indicted Wolfson in 1966 for his sale of stock in Continental Enterprises Inc., a Jacksonville theater-management company. As controlling stockholder, Wolfson should have registered his shares first with the Secu-

rities and Exchange Commission, a requirement of which he pleaded ignorance. In addition to the one-year sentence, Wolfson drew a \$100,000 fine. He is also appealing a second 18-month term (and a \$32,000 fine), which resulted from his conviction last year for perjury and destruction of documents during a SEC investigation in connection with Merritt-Chapman stock transactions. Wolfson insists that he was made a scapegoat by the Government, while officials of brokerage firms have been punished only with fines and suspensions for similar offenses.

Though Wolfson's personal fortune, once estimated at more than \$75 million, has shriveled considerably, he still owns some \$6,400,000 worth of Merritt-Chapman shares, a large horse-breeding farm near Ocala and an interest in a Jacksonville movie and television firm. Wolfson himself suffered a heart attack in 1966. His wife died last year of cancer. If both appeals fail, Wolfson still will have to serve a minimum of ten months.

RETAILING

The Personal Touch

From their employees' viewpoint, the bosses of expanding corporate enterprises often disappear into the paperwork to become remote and impersonal figures of authority rather than flesh-and-blood leaders. Over the past dozen years, John M. Eckerd, 56, has created a Florida drugstore chain with \$100 million a year in sales by taking the opposite approach. Eckerd gives zealous attention to the personal touch. "Employees make or break a business," he says. "They should be treated as individuals and not just parts of a wheel."

Better Feedback. Jack Eckerd, who opened his 113th store last week in Tampa, still likes to call his chain "the family drugstore." He sends every one of his 2,600 employees a personal birthday card, welcomes their suggestions and personally answers every one. To get "better feedback" from his pharmacists and counter clerks, he logs 30,000 miles a year at the wheel of his white Porsche roadster, visiting his stores. Every written complaint from a customer also gets a personal reply. "Nine times out of ten I can't help them," Eckerd admits, "but at least they know I'll do my best to correct the trouble." He means it. When a St. Petersburg woman complained about a book her grandson had purchased in one of his stores, not only *Playboy* but some 500 paperback titles (including even *Zorba the Greek*) disappeared from the bookracks of Eckerd Drugs of Florida. Today, the stores sell only publications deemed acceptable by the National Office for Decent Literature.

Eckerd learned the drug business from the stock room up, working in his father's pharmacy in Erie, Pa. "If you work for me, you start in the basement," ruled his father. Eckerd quit

after six years, but later persuaded his father to sell him one of his several stores in Wilmington, Del.* In 1952, he ventured into Florida by buying three drugstores from an absentee owner. Five years later he sold his Delaware outlets, moved to Clearwater and began expanding. Doubling in size every two years for a decade, Eckerd Drugs has acquired a candy manufacturing concern, the twelve-store Jackson's/Byron's Enterprises department-store chain, Gray Security Inc. (watchmen and alarm systems), and the busiest film-processing laboratory in the state. The company went public in 1959; since then, its stock has moved up to trade on the New York Stock Exchange and has vast-



DRUGGIST ECKERD
Investment in people.

ly increased in market value from \$5,500,000 to \$134 million.

Eckerd, who estimates his wealth at "roughly \$50 million," believes that people in his income bracket should be more heavily taxed. To help share his own fortune, he has formed a foundation that operates an 880-acre camp for emotionally disturbed boys. "I wanted to invest in people rather than buildings," he explains. To lighten the burden for retired persons on fixed incomes, Eckerd set up a nonprofit Senior Citizens Club; its members qualify for discounts at his drugstores. For his cherished employees, he is working out the details of a more unusual plan. Under it, Eckerd would place 90% of his stock in his company in trust. Over a period of years, options would be granted to all employees to purchase stock at today's market price.

* Another Eckerd Drug chain in Delaware is still run independently by relatives.

JAPAN

Shift to High Gear

When a superhighway linking Tokyo with the Mount Fuji resort area opened last month, Japanese officials predicted that it would cut travel time from four hours to 90 minutes. Instead, bumper-to-bumper traffic clogged the new road so quickly that irate motorists began calling it "The Fuji Slowway."

The episode reflects the phenomenal rise of Japan's auto industry, which last year leaped ahead of shipbuilding, steel and electrical equipment to become the largest in the country. Last week the Japan Auto Manufacturers Association reported that Japan's twelve automakers produced 4,198,429 cars, trucks and buses during the fiscal year ending March 31, more than any other country except the United States. Passenger cars accounted for 52% of the total, raising Japan's world ranking in that field from sixth in 1967 to third, behind the U.S. and West Germany.

Protection at Home. Only one in five Japanese families now owns an auto but rising consumer affluence, the result of Japan's sustained economic prosperity, is changing that. This year Japanese car makers have confidently scheduled a 21% increase in their output, to 5,100,000 vehicles. Like most Japanese manufacturers, they enjoy a remarkable degree of government protection against foreign competition. Despite a 50% cut in tariffs this year as a result of the 1964 Kennedy Round of global tariff negotiations, imported autos still cost two or three times as much in Japan as in their country of origin. Ford's new semicompact Maverick, which sells for \$1,995 in Detroit, carries a \$4,167 price tag in Tokyo.

Low Japanese labor costs still account for a substantial part of the price differential between Japan-made cars and American or German products. Auto workers in Japan are paid an average wage of 60¢ an hour, compared with \$2.42 in West Germany and \$5.30 in the U.S. Moreover, industrial output per man-hour has been rising by 21% a year since 1960, while total labor costs have been climbing by only 11%. With such economic advantages, Japanese automakers have lately been able to snare a rapidly increasing share of the world auto market. Auto and truck exports rose 51% last year, to \$714 million, and are expected to grow another 30% in 1969.

Trouble for Detroit. Nearly one-third of Japan's auto exports is sold in the U.S., where Toyota Motor Co.'s Corona and Nissan Motor Co.'s Datsun, both priced below \$2,000, are now familiar sights. Last year, 110,000 Japanese cars—more than twice as many as in 1967—went to American buyers. Now two more manufacturers have entered the U.S. market. Fuji Heavy Industries is offering its low-priced \$1,300 Subaru, and Honda, already known for its motorcycles, is pushing a \$1,400 min-



BEATE UHSE & PRODUCTS



BEATE UHSE KATALOGUE*

Variety is the spice of love.

icar. A third manufacturer, Toyo Kogyo, expects to make its American debut later this year with a car equipped with twin rotary engines.

American automakers are worried about Japanese inroads, not only in the U.S. market, but in such places as Australia, South Africa and South America. As a result, Detroit has been putting pressure on Washington to force open the Japanese market in two ways. U.S. automen want Japan to lower such non-tariff barriers as commodity sales taxes and road-use taxes based on car size. More important, they insist that Tokyo should ease its severe restrictions against foreign investment in Japanese manufacturing firms. General Motors Chairman James Roche recently called Japan "the most notorious" of the world's industrial countries for this form of protectionism. Veiled threats of retaliation—perhaps including import restrictions on Japanese cars—have finally begun to melt Japanese resistance. Both Borg-Warner and Ford are anxious to begin producing automatic transmissions in Japan with 50% local participation, and the Japanese government is expected to approve the arrangements soon.

WEST GERMANY

Supermarket for Eros

Beate Uhse, a 49-year-old blonde, has built a mail-order house and chain of supermarkets into one of the fastest-growing retail businesses in West Germany. Since 1964, her sales have almost tripled to a peak last year of more than \$6,000,000. She claims to have 2,000,000 steady customers and ten times as many occasional ones. Yet Beate is something of a social outcast. The West German Association of Women Entrepreneurs has resolutely refused to admit her to membership. Church leaders regularly denounce her. Even the tennis club in Hamburg near her home will not allow her to join.

The problem is that Beate's business

is sex—pure and adorned. From a headquarters in Flensburg and eleven stores in cities across the country, she markets some 1,500 prurient products designed for those who believe that sex improves with aid. Her wares include a wide assortment of contraceptives, special-formula bonbons that are supposed to make reluctant fräuleins more cooperative, "quick-lift" panties, battery-operated stimulators priced at \$9 each, and even creams to control male timing in sex. "Together to the Peak of Happiness," exhorts Beate's blue-tinted catalogue. To make the journey more enjoyable, she supplies a variety of love potions, creams, sprays and contraptions that purportedly stimulate sex, prolong it or render it more efficient.

Like a Pharmacy. Her self-service stores, which are divided into departments by large signs that make them resemble supermarkets, can hardly keep up with the demand. The one in Stuttgart has been so busy since it opened last December that at least once a day the manager hangs out a sign that reads, "Closed for a few minutes because of overcrowding." When that happens, people gather on the street and gawk at the merchandise in the windows. As customers come out with their red-and-white shopping bags labeled "Beate Uhse," more stream into the store. The interior looks as antiseptic as a pharmacy. The customers, 95% of them men, browse among shelves that display everything from erotic classics (Fanny Hill and Frank Harris' *My Life and Loves*) to reels of film with such ti-

* A translation of the contents:

TOGETHER TO THE PEAK OF HAPPINESS
ALWAYS IN SHAPE FOR LOVE
HOT SEX IN SHARP BOOKS
DON'T FORGET LOVE
MODERN MEN KNOW NO PROBLEMS
BEATE'S MEN SHOP
SEXUAL ABERRATIONS AND PERVERSIONS
FOR LOVE HOURS THAT ONE DOES NOT FORGET

tles as *Intimate Glimpses of Six Swedish Girls*.

If he proceeds to an inner sanctum of the store, the shopper can look at even raunchier merchandise, including a dozen kinds of rubber phalli in varying sizes. According to the manager of the Stuttgart store, Beate's son Ulli, such *Deutsche Wertarbeit* (German quality workmanship) is particularly popular with French tourists.

While Beate's firm makes a few of the items that it sells, most of them come from other manufacturers at home and abroad. From Beate's headquarters in Flensburg, 200 employees (70% of them women) each day mail no fewer than 13,000 orders in anonymous brown wrappers to customers in Germany and other countries. (So far, Beate has not tried to capture a share of the U.S. market.) Her book-of-the-month club has just come out with its second selection, *Helga and Bernd Demonstrate 100 Love Positions*. The \$4.95 book is illustrated with photographs of models clothed in tights. On top of a 50,000-copy advance sale, eager customers bought 70,000 copies when the book reached Beate's shelves last week.

Unabashed Salesmanship. Beate, who flew fighter planes from the factory to the front for the Luftwaffe during World War II, started her business soon after Germany's defeat. Shrewdly realizing that Germans were eager to avoid having children because of food and housing shortages, she began cribbing contraceptive data from a medical tome and selling the information by mail. Her success is based on thorough organization and unabashed salesmanship. Uhse sales clerks, for example, are all trained to casually enunciate such words as penis and orgasm without flinching.

Beate's entire family is involved in the enterprise. Her sons Ulli, 20, Klaus, 25, and Dirk, 24, all appear as nude models in one of their mother's bestselling books, *Sons of the Sun*, a pinup collection of male nudes. Her second husband, Ernst Walter Rotermond, concentrates on "long-range planning." To assure quality, says Beate, "we never put out any product that we haven't tried first in the family."

Some of her hardware no doubt appeals to the abnormal. Plainclothes police frequently prowled through her stores looking for illegal merchandise. Beate herself has appeared in court about 20 times to answer charges against her, but has been convicted only twice. The last time, she was fined \$1,500 for selling obscene goods through the mail. The remarkable thing about her enterprise is that it operates—and advertises—like other successful retail chains. While she does not consider herself a missionary of sex, Beate does argue that she is helping to break down old taboos in her country. "When we started, there were more than 100 outfits in the business," she says. "But they kept sex under the table. We were willing to bring it out and not be ashamed of it."

Avis does it twice a year.

Those shiny new Plymouths at Avis ought to be shiny and new. We trade in almost all of them as soon as they're 180 days old.

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So, may we ask you a simple question?

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Most electronic calculators have one basic flaw.

Some businessmen claim that electronic calculators created more problems than they solved.

As you know, most electronic calculators show the answer on a screen instead of printing it on a tape. The flashing lights look very modern. But they were a step backwards.

Businessmen soon discovered some of the problems they created.

If a mistake was made during any step of the problem, it was impossible to trace it. So the entire problem had to be worked over again.

Every answer had to be copied down by hand. And even the fastest electronic calculator is no faster than the person copying down the answer.

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cost a lot more. And they were simply too expensive for most businesses.

Now the new Marchant 616™ gives you the lightning speed of an electronic calculator combined with the accuracy of printed proof.

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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Dumbo Goes to War

First in the week's pack of animals is a precocious pachyderm named Aida, who co-stars with Oliver Reed and Michael J. Pollard in *Hannibal Brooks* and wins all acting honors by default.

The script, in fact, seems tailored for her heavy tread. A British P.O.W. named Brooks (Oliver Reed) wangles a cushy work detail in a German zoo, where he spends his days caring for the prize elephant (Aida). He develops a platonic crush on the poor beast, so that when the Allies bomb the zoo Brooks resolves to lead his pal to safety across the Swiss border. With the help of the Yank leader of some highly irregular troops and the customary blundering and stupidity of the Nazis, Brooks makes it across the river into the trees and over the Alps (Hannibal—get it?) to freedom.

The thundering trumpeting inanity of all this is more or less the responsibility of Producer-Director Michael Winner, who has made a lot of second-rate movies in his time (*Girl-Getters*, *The Jokers*, *I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname*) but none so consummately awful as this. He allows Reed to sway and scowl across the screen like an English Jack Palance, while Michael J. Pollard, as the be-nighted guerrilla chief, quickly exhausts his repertoire of puckish expressions. Since he attracted attention in *Bonnie and Clyde*, Pollard has turned into a mumbling buffoon whose limited talents are perfectly in harmony with the self-conscious, self-indulgent, elephantine whimsy of *Hannibal Brooks*.



REED & CO-STAR
Elephantine whimsy.



ECCLES & CO-STAR
Parents know better.

Gold in the Straw

Children, like cats, will watch anything that moves, and the fact has not been lost on makers of children's films. Hustling for small change, they dress shoddy actors in seedy costumes, blосс fairy tales to 14-hour proportions and ship the results to Saturday matinees. In the throng, however, there are a few legitimate producers whose gold is all but lost in the straw. The best of them is Robert Radnitz, 44, whose movies—*A Dog of Flanders*, *Island of the Blue Dolphins*, *And Now Miguel*—are the sleepers of the children's film industry. All have won prizes, all are marked by a happy lack of condescension.

My Side of the Mountain, Radnitz claims, is intended for the whole family. But its main appeal is obviously to the intelligent pre-teen-ager interested in natural history. Sam (Teddie Eccles) is a Canadian youth who decides that four walls and two parents are too confining. With his pet raccoon Gus, he runs off to the Laurentian Mountains, befriends a falcon, a librarian and a folk singer (Theodore Bikel). The singer teaches Sam a fundamental truth: no boy is an island, entire of itself—and prepares him for the long hike home.

Jacob's ladders of sunshine, a parade of deer, fox, owl and bear, and a vigorous outdoor atmosphere that practically chills the viewer's nostrils, all give the film an air of actuality. Parents know better. Sam spends five months without a bowl of cereal or a pair of rubbers, yet never catches a

cold, never asks for a glass of water at night and never needs a Band-Aid. *My Side of the Mountain* may be as delightful as *Walden* but it is plainly as fantastic as *Snow White*.

As a producer of children's films, Joseph Strick, 45, is less skilled than Radnitz. His prior movies have been fare that kids could scarcely see, much less comprehend: *Ulysses*, *The Balcony*, *The Savage Eye*. In *Ring of Bright Water*, he reverses himself and locks out the adults with a tale that makes *The Three Bears* seem Byzantine.

A middle-aged London accountant named Graham Merrill (Bill Travers) buys an otter to keep it from becoming a captive circus performer. Given his freedom, the animal returns the favor by wrecking Merrill's city flat and showing him that happiness is a cottage in Scotland. Merrill blithely quits his insurance job, hies to the highlands and begins a life of happy isolation. Even in children's films, a man cannot drift for long before a pair of pretty eyes begin blinking like a light-house. Here they belong to Virginia McKenna—Mrs. Travers in real life and his co-star in *Born Free*.

Though the film departs wittily from Gavin Maxwell's cobby, eccentric book, it does manage to convey that peculiar love for a pet that can amount to an obsession. In addition, it provides the accepting child viewer with the prime requisites for motion pictures: 1) a star with fur, 2) adults who look foolish (as Merrill does when he tries, by flapping his arms, to teach a gosling to fly), and 3) no love scenes except those between otter and otter. The result is little otters, making *Ring of Bright Water* the best sex-education film ever to get a G rating.



TRAVERS & CO-STAR
The Three Bears seem Byzantine.

BOOKS

"Communism No Longer Exists"

THE UNPERFECT SOCIETY by Milovan Djilas. 267 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$5.

Western commentators have professed to see International Communism in decline. But it is a practicing Communist who has now delivered the most emphatic judgment to date. "Communism no longer exists," writes Milovan Djilas in his latest book, *The Unperfect Society*. "Only national Communisms exist, each different in doctrine and in the policies practiced and in the actual state of affairs they have created."

The Unperfect Society is a chronicle of the disintegration of Communism written by an insider. Once Marshal Tito's chief aide in the Yugoslav hierarchy, Djilas later spent nine years in prison for his iconoclastic writings. His signal offense was *The New Class*, published in 1957, in which he characterized the Communist bureaucracy as every bit as oppressive, materialistic and hierarchical as capitalism. On his release in 1966, he was prohibited from engaging in "political activity"—a usefully flexible admonition not to stir up controversy. But once again Djilas has defied Tito, his old comrade-in-arms, and brought out *The Unperfect Society* in the U.S. The Yugoslav regime has not yet reacted.

Marxist Consumption. It can hardly be pleased. In his book, Djilas assails not only the bureaucracy but also the whole theoretical Marxist-Leninist underpinning of the Communist state. Marxism cannot be revised, he declares; it must be discarded altogether. He parts company with those moderate Marxists—including a number of American college students—who are trying to salvage what they can from Marxism after its corruption by Soviet totalitarianism. To Djilas, the two are inseparable. For him, Stalin was not a ruthless aberration but the inevitable consummation of Marxism: theory made practice. The ironclad Marxist system is all but useless for historical interpretation, thinks Djilas. It endures only as a revolutionary ideology promising instant transformation to those who are desperate, impoverished or ignorant of history.

A main reason that Communism is breaking up, writes Djilas, is the advent of a new New Class. It consists of specialists—technicians, managers, teachers, artists—who are pressing for a freer, more flexible society. In time, Djilas is convinced, they will usher in a democratic society hardly distinguishable from existing Western versions, with much the same pluralism, mixed economy and individual freedoms. The Communist bureaucracy cannot suppress this knowledgeable new class because the regime's economy more and more de-

pends on it—just as, in Western countries, politics and the economy depend more and more on professional knowledge. If anything, Djilas suggests, Communism will disappear with less resistance than anybody could have foreseen. Earlier dominant classes—whether feudal lords or capitalists—cemented their power with durable institutions that reflected economic realities. Relying on power alone, the Communists, says Djilas, have notably failed to develop stable institutions. When their power vanishes, so will all their works.

Despite his apparently subversive opinions, Djilas plans to remain in Yugoslavia. Prohibited from lecturing or



DJILAS LEAVING PRISON, 1966
A class beyond suppression.

publishing there, he lives modestly on his income from books published abroad. Because he cannot afford a car, he has not been able to indulge in his favorite pastime: fishing in the mountains. Still, his status has improved somewhat since the Czechoslovak invasion. Worried about the Soviet threat to himself, Tito has made some gestures of appeasement toward the West. One was to allow Djilas to make a trip to the U.S. last fall.

For all the trials he has endured for his beliefs, Djilas has maintained a remarkable equanimity. He harbors no burning grudge against Tito or the regime and speaks of both with dispassion and sympathy. He is scarcely a revolutionary. No man more fervently desires the demise of Communism, but he wants the death to come peacefully. He contemptuously cites Gomulka's ex-

cuse for violence: "With wolves, one must howl." Writes Djilas: "Let him do his howling. I shall not, though I have snarled and snapped with my teeth in my time. Such behavior achieves less than expected; in any case, there is no end to snapping and snarling." Djilas may be the first of his kind: a Communist convert to democracy who remains in his native land to speak his mind and influence events. If he is to be believed, he will be followed by many more.

Cloudy Olympus

EXPERIENCES by Arnold Toynbee. 417 pages. Oxford. \$8.75.

An autumnal memoir by the great chronicler of flowering and unflowering cultures would seem to merit some sort of special accolade for the author—perhaps riffled from the language of one of the cultures he described in his greatest days. The Chinese term for sage (*chih-jen*) might do. Arnold Toynbee, at 80, with some 70 volumes behind him, is certainly a man "in whom moral virtue and learned accomplishments reach their highest points." *Experiences*, in some sense, does indeed suggest a *chih-jen* at work—reflective, confident, comforting, sometimes imperative.

Unhappily, the authority of great age is accompanied by a certain waywardness and windiness. Along with Toynbee's earlier book, *Acquaintances*, this one proposes to perform the office of autobiography. Too often it consists of lumbering opinions delivered *ex* one of the century's best-earned *cathedras* about everything from religion, war and death to "The Social Price of the New Technology of Farming in Iowa."

Saved by Dysentery. There are fine passages when pontification yields to personal memory. Toynbee tells how Winchester and Oxford—where it was held that history and literature ended with Demosthenes and Juvenal—turned him into a Greek and Latin scholar. As a result he never quite ceased, despite his own determined efforts, to look at the history of all mankind through the eyes of a Balliol classicist. Half of Toynbee's contemporaries died in World War I, and the fact made him a lifelong pacifist. He had been lucky enough to pick up dysentery which disqualified him for military service and thus possibly saved his life. The resulting mixture of guilt and gratitude marked Toynbee deeply. "I have always felt it strange to be alive myself," he writes, "and the longer I have gone on living since then, the stranger this has come to feel. Death seems normal to me; survival seems odd." The thought recurs in *Experiences* like the tolling of a bell.

Yet a long life, even in so bloody and changeable a period, has its compensations. "As a member of the Western middle class," Toynbee wrote in a letter to American friends, "thinking in terms of personal comfort, I would have chosen a Victorian 80 years that just



ARNOLD TOYNBEE
A certain waywardness.

missed both the Napoleonic Wars and the First World War. But a time that is uncomfortable for a bourgeois is interesting for an historian. I am both an historian and a bourgeois, but I am an historian first and foremost."

As a historian, Toynbee labored simultaneously for 20-odd years on two great works. On one, begun in 1924, he did have the collaboration of Veronica Boulter who later became his wife (his first wife, Rosalind Murray, is mentioned here only once, in connection with her remarkable ability to communicate extrasensorially with her father, the Greek scholar Gilbert Murray). Their joint undertaking was the production of *Survey of International Affairs*, a running record of world events. In 1927 he began unaided *A Study of History*, which in twelve volumes describes and attempts to explain the dynamics of human civilization from man's beginning on earth. His account of the harrowing regimen necessary to pursue such work is typically modest and practical, studded with such advice as "Don't waste odd pieces of time" and "Write regularly." One point that he might have stressed more is the need for persistence, which his own literary practice dramatically illustrates: in 1913, he began taking notes for a book, *Hannibal's Legacy*, got around to writing it in 1957, and published it in 1965.

Red Fists. Toynbee's Olympian tone almost makes palatable a set of contemporary prejudices that has become familiar enough from other writings. Among them: the U.S. is "trying to build up a colonial empire of the traditional kind"; Madison Avenue is an abomination; Israel and the U.S. are the only two powers left in the world that believe in war.

Toynbee is a touch old-fashioned to find disciples among today's aggressively

youthful revolutionaries. But one point comes through as fresh as angry red fists in Harvard Yard. "A human being will insist on being treated as a person," he writes, "even if the only way he can secure personal attention is to get himself knocked on the head by a policeman's truncheon." The enemy, in Toynbee's view, is not simply the Establishment or the Kremlin or the Pentagon but "competitive Individualism, bee-like or ant-like Communism, and tribal-minded Nationalism." Such things, Toynbee argues, are responsible for creating "a Boy-like smog of impersonal relations." Readers of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* are expected to recall that the great Boy is a shapeless cloud "neither dead nor alive; all slime and mistiness." There is really no way to get at Boy; he "doesn't strike" and prefers to "get all he wishes by gentleness." Ibsen's folk hero Peer is softly enveloped and nearly driven mad. "Oh, for claws and teeth that would tear my flesh!" Peer shouts like an overpaternalized student rebel. "I must see a drop of my own blood flow!"

Spectral Evidence

WITCHCRAFT AT SALEM by Chadwick Hansen. 252 pages. Braziller. \$6.95.

The year 1692 was a very bad year for the town of Salem, Mass. During a summer of superstitious hysteria, grim events took place there that have permanently tarnished the popular American memory of its Puritan past. According to widely accepted tradition, the whole thing was whipped up by Cotton Mather and the lesser clergymen of a frowning theocracy. Before it was over, the story goes, 19 men and women were convicted and hanged as witches, and one man was pressed to death beneath large rocks for refusing to plead. The tradition holds that the executions were the result of a repressive fanaticism in the Puritan character. Underlying this modern attitude toward the Salem trials is a smug belief that since we do not now believe in the power of witchcraft, the existence of witchcraft is a delusion, as impossible and unscientific, say, as the Ptolemaic notion that the sun revolved around the earth.

Clearing the Clergy. Such judgments, according to Chadwick Hansen, professor of American Studies at Penn State, are remarkably misleading. Beyond the fact that witchcraft trials resulted in 20 executions, he says, everything in the popular tradition is false. Far from inciting tragedy, the clergy "acted throughout as a restraint upon the proceedings and it was their misgivings which finally brought the trials to an end." (Clergymen had much influence but no office; the Bay Colony was no theocracy.) The afflicted girls, whose courtroom convulsions at the sight of the accused convinced the judges, were not spiteful exhibitionists, but felt themselves to be truly afflicted. In fact, writes Hansen, the girls had good

reason for their hysterical terror of witchcraft. "There was witchcraft at Salem, and it worked. It did real harm to its victims and there was every reason to regard it as a criminal offense."

Hansen, naturally, does not believe that the witches had actual power derived from an alliance with the devil. His assertion instead is based on a reading of the religious, psychological and historic conditions existing at the time. Like other historians, he points out that the Salem trials were anything but unique. In the 17th century people not only still believed in witchcraft but passionately persecuted witches. There were witch burnings in Scotland and hangings in England, and on the Continent incomplete records tell of the burning of 5,000 witches in the province of Alsace alone. The learned believed in witchcraft as strongly as the ignorant; Hansen notes that the British chemist Robert Boyle, who discovered the law of gas pressures that bears his name, once proposed that miners be interviewed to see whether they "meet any subterranean demons, and if they do, in what shape and manner they appear."

Charms and Nail-Parings. Hansen spells out the point: "If you believe in witchcraft and you discover that someone has been melting your wax image over a slow fire or muttering charms over your nail-parings, the probability is that you will get extremely sick. To be sure, your symptoms will be psychosomatic rather than organic. But the fact that they are obviously not organic will make them only more terrible, since they will seem the result of malefic and demonic power."

One statement completes the matter: a society that believes in witchcraft will produce innocent people who are mistaken for witches, fools who idly pretend to be witches, and guilty souls

Witchcraft at Salem



CHADWICK HANSEN

WITCHES RECEIVING DEVIL'S IMAGES
Good reason for hysterical seizures.

"It's Windsor-try a two-wood!"

Windsor holds up a ball so that you can get to it. Cushiony. Not too soft or too hard. This genetically distinct mutant of Kentucky bluegrass is replacing inferior grasses on many courses because of the distinct advantages that it offers both to players and to management. For technical information write to Scotts, the grass people, Marysville, Ohio 43040.

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Food prices are up 20% over a 10-year period. Public transportation is up 39%. To beat inflation, it takes more than fixed-dollar reserves, essential as they are. Isn't it time you seriously considered mutual funds?

who, actually believing themselves to be in league with the devil, practiced the forms and rituals of witchcraft.

He concedes that most of those executed were clearly innocent, convicted on nothing more than "spectral evidence"—testimony that apparitions resembling the accused had tormented people—and the hysterical behavior of the teen-age girls who were the chief witnesses. Hansen notes that hysteria, as defined medically, can produce fits of supernatural violence, a vivid appearance that the sufferer is being choked, and psychosomatically induced "bite" and "pinch" marks on the skin. These were the main symptoms of the afflicted girls.

Other cases are less clear. The Rev. George Burroughs, says Hansen, enjoyed pretending to be a witch, puffed his reputation by such tricks as overhearing conversations and then repeating them, letting his listeners assume that black magic gave him the knowledge. When the witchcraft frenzy struck Salem, this vain foolishness was remembered, and Burroughs was executed.

On the other hand, Hansen says, old Bridget Bishop, whose revelations of witchcraft panicked Salem, "in all probability" was a practicing witch. That was her reputation, and apparently she had not denied it before the trials. Dolls with pins stuck in them had been found in the cellar wall of a house she had lived in. A local dyer testified that she had asked him to dye pieces of lace too small for human use—bits intended for use in image magic, Hansen thinks.

Leading the Leaders. The clergy were nearly powerless until the neurosis had run its course. Cotton Mather, highly respected and a believer in witchcraft, warned repeatedly against the use of spectral evidence, saying it was not to be trusted. His great failure in the matter was in trusting too much in the steadiness and good sense of the judges who, on the record, seemed to be honest and sensible citizens.

In the end, a vigorous pamphlet by his father Increase put a formal stop to the dreadful affair. A general pardon was declared. The trials did not continue. Dozens of presumed witches were let go or allowed to escape.

Hansen might profitably have tried to examine the network of small-town malice, envy and ambition at work in the trials, which the modern rational and liberal mind likes to blame for the whole Salem tragedy—most dramatically exhibited in Arthur Miller's grinding parable, *The Crucible*. A chapter sketching the life and death of Puritanism would have been useful; as Hansen has indicated, much of what is popularly supposed about the Puritans is incorrect. But Hansen has done two things admirably well: he has suggested how nearly impossible it is to see another era clearly through the accretion of prejudice and the changes of time. And he has demonstrated that in the Salem witch hunt, as in many others since, it was really the people who led the leaders.



**“I’d rather have a little
Old Taylor than a lot of
anything else.”**

"Me and my Winstons"

we got a real good thing...



'cause my Winstons taste good like a cigarette should.

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